THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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INDECISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We say our days are spent in sloth,
And all our deeds are done in sin—
Yet careless of our life within,
We cannot shake our habits off.

And so we sit us down and speak
In idle tones, as children do,
Or hurrying on the whole day through,
We lose the Peace that we should seek.

The Peace that comes with holy guise,
And soothes the weary, throbbing brain,
When showers like summer's sobbing rain
Would gather in our misty eyes.

The Peace that follows days well spent,
With oft an act of kindly tone
To cheer sad hearts that grieve alone,
And win them o'er to sweet content.

That follows fresh on loving deeds,
Or kind forbearance when a foe
An arrow plucks in his bow
To pierce the heart until it bleeds.

This Heavenly Peace, whose reign supreme
Can make our passing moments blest,
And while we journey toward the west
Can make our life more than a dream.

MARIE S. L.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXV.

At length Mr. Lynn raised his head, and his eye fell upon the last paper.

He took it up mechanically and unfolded it. It was written at a much later period than the others, and in a trembling hand:—

I told you how that agony fell upon me, until distress of mind brought me to a bed of sickness, and then how weak but conquering I arose from it, and tried to go on with my everyday duties.

O John, it was harder to do that, than to lie in the angel's arms at rest. Then I was too weary to rebel; but when I had to bear the monotony of the long days, with each trifling event that made up the sum of them, it seemed as though the burden were too heavy for me.

Each morning I longed for the night, that I might lie still and passive, and sometimes in a transient dream forget the work-day world and all its troubles. And at night I longed for the morning, that I might be at work and in active labor wear the time away.

So nearly a year passed by, and then a wild desire came over me to see you once more. I thought if I could look upon your face again it would enable me to bear what I had determined to bear for your sake. I felt that I could die in peace if I could but see you in life once more. The longing came upon me like a power I could not resist. It seemed to influence me against my will. I must go; nothing should hinder me.

I strove to put away the wish as idle; but it gained upon me. I heard a voice for ever saying "Go." Day and night it never ceased.

Ah! it was but the utterance of my own heart, and yet it pleaded so mightily with sense and prudence that they gave way before it.

A hundred and fifty miles! It was a long journey, and I was very poor.

But no impediment daunted me. Had it been a thousand miles, and I had had every mile to journey on foot, I should have gone. A supernatural strength had come to me, all feeling of fatigue had vanished, and I made my preparations.

I left Doris in the care of a trusty though humble friend, a woman superior to her station.

I will not weary you with the details of my journey. I arrived on the evening of the second day at Craythorpe.

It was Saturday, for I had planned that I would see you in church on Sunday. I could watch you then, and you would be in ignorance of my presence.

At a cottage, tenanted by a poor widow, I obtained a lodging for the night. She saw how worn and tired I was, and had compassion upon me, and then, too, from my mourning weeds she believed me to be like herself, a widow.

Alas! I was more than a widow.

She had lived all her life at Craythorpe, so as we came to talk, she told me all I wanted to know, little imagining how I hung upon her words.

She told me how you had come to Lynncourt, and what a fine place it was.

It was worth a stranger's going to see, if I were not too tired after I had had a cup of tea.

Too tired! my strength had all returned. I was rested.

And so I went and saw the place wherein my husband dwelt. I trod the stately avenue that he daily trod. I touched the handle of the gate because I knew it had often yielded to his touch. I lingered beneath the trees as if I thought they had some message for me.

And then we turned and wandered through the church-yard, where she showed me a little grave with a stone cross at its head, whereon where graven the names of Ellen and Teresa, the beloved children of John and Teresa Grenford Lynn.

O John, you had not forgotten me; I knew it.

I could have fallen down beside that cross and poured out a flood of thanksgiving for that one word, "Ellen."

It was as a draught of cold water to the thirsty traveller in the desert, it revived my fainting heart. I knew that in your happiness I had not been absent from your thoughts, in that you gave your lost wife's name in love and sorrow to the elder child.

Now, on my death-bed, I thank you for that kindly thought, and may it comfort you to know the consolation that it was to me.

I dared not stay, lest I should betray how deep the interest that I felt, and so I begged the woman to return.

I passed the night beneath her roof, but not in sleep. Long, long, I communed with myself through the night hours, and prayed for strength to bear me through the day.

At length the morning dawned, the cold gray light stole into the room, and I was still awake. I closed my eyes, but there was no sleep for me, and so I watched and watched until the rosy light should chase the gray away.

At length it came, and looking to the east I saw the sun in all his splendor unclose his eyes upon the world.

A glorious day!

O sun! thou shinest with equal light upon the joyous and the sorrowful, the good and the evil, the just and the unjust, and yet each seeing thee with his own eyes, beholds a different image in the heavens.

For me it seemed too bright, the light but mocked the dark cloud hovering over me and did not dispel it. It made the shadow sharper and more palpable.

It is strange how accurately I remember the most trifling event of that day, and every sensation that I experienced.

As the sun rose, the birds began to sing. A gentle song, and yet it gave me rather torture than pleasure, I wished for everything to be quite still, to be hushed as my heart was.

Then the church bells began to chime, sweetly, cheerily, waking up the sleepers and telling them it was God's day. But they smote upon me like a funeral peal, sad and dirge-like. When the ringers left off, it seemed as though a dull pain were removed from my heart.

As church-time drew near, I became more agitated, I trembled in every limb, and was thankful that the poor widow had so much to do that she had not time to notice her guest.

Had I miscalculated my own strength? O John, could I without betraying myself look on your face again?

I clenched my teeth, I drew in my breath, I clasped my hands, I tried to quiet myself, for I felt that I must spring up and rush from the cottage to the mansion, there to declare,—

"I am thy wife; oh, take me home!"

John, I had nearly done it—nearly brought misery within those peaceful walls, but that the little grave, the stone cross with the word "Ellen," rose up before me, and gave me strength, and gave me better thoughts. I would not harm thee or thine. My love should conquer still. "O love, O love, help me to conquer love through love itself!"

I was not afraid of being recognized. In my coarse staff dress and homely shawl and widow's veil, I was sufficiently disguised; besides, none would trace in the faded bent woman the Ellen Carmichael of so many years ago.

I know not how I reached the church. I found myself there amongst the poor people in the aisle, and the widow sat next to me. She touched me when you entered, but she need not have done so; I knew it already. I knew it the moment that your shadow fell across the threshold, though I was not looking. I felt your presence, and I knew that you and I were in spirit still united.

As you passed up the aisle, you brushed against me, and for a moment I touched your hand. You did not perceive it; and as I touched it, a thrill ran through me, and I trembled violently. My neighbor thought I was going to faint. But I was not.

The service began; and I remembered that I was in the house of God; that His presence was around us, filling all space, and that you and I were shadowed beneath the Almighty wings, and folded within the everlasting arms. And deep peace fell upon me. It was no human peace. No human peace could so have inspired me, and so raised my soul.

And then for the first time I lifted up my eyes and looked upon you. You were less changed than I, yet still I could trace the signs of a great sorrow unforgotten, and I knew that I was in your memory still. I saw you smile as your wife looked up at you: it was a kindly smile, but not the one that I remembered; that was for me alone.

I wonder how I was so calm—unnaturally calm, it seems to me now; but the strength was given to me that I might bravely fulfill my purpose.

I looked upon your wife, a frail and fragile being, and I knew that she was not long for earth. I wished her no harm; she had done me no wrong. Perhaps—O John, I thought perhaps she might die, and then—and then, I might tell you all, and Ellen might come back at last. I did not wish it, John, I only thought it; but the voice from the altar seemed to speak to me alone in clear condemning tones, "Thou shalt do no murder," and I started like a guilty thing.

And so the service passed, and I sat as a statue, calm and still, taking my last look of you on earth. And I seemed not to belong to this world, but already to have ascended into heaven.

And as the organ played, I heard the heavenly harps sounding, and angelic voices singing in chorus, "Peace, peace."

Still in my waking dream I followed down the aisle and through the porch, and along the narrow path leading to the churchyard-gate. And there, in helping your wife into the carriage, a rosebud that was in your coat dropped. I stooped and picked it up unobserved. I have it now, and it will lie with me in my coffin.

I saw you drive away, and then I told the widow that I would rest awhile in the churchyard, and follow her presently.

And so she left me, and the people went away all joyful to their homes. I saw my brother pass; his wife was leaning on his arm, a kindly woman, one whom I could love. She little knew that within a few yards of her stood her husband's broken-hearted sister.

When all were gone away, I sought out the little grave, and there I sank down, my strength, my inspiration, my bravery were all gone. Earth had returned to earth, and I wept bitterly.

It was over now; I should never see you more. Never!—never! oh, cruel, bitter word! Never! I could not go away—I could not.

But a voice within me said chidingly:—"O thou weak woman! where is thy boasted love?" And still I wept, and as the tears fell down, my selfish heart grew patient. My love had won the victory,—my love for you had conquered all of self within me.

From the river-bank I gathered a bunch of blue forget-me-nots, and laid them on the grave; and then I went on my way home. I did not dare to trust myself to go back to the widow's cottage. I must see no one in Craythorpe, or even yet I might betray my secret.

And so she thought me thankless; but I was not. I have blessed her night and morning for her kindness to me in my sore distress; and in the last great day I shall rise a witness to her gracious deed, when the Great Judge shall say unto His wondering servant:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

* * * * * *

And now the end has come. I have not many days to live, and my thoughts go back to the happy past, and I think of the days, John, that you remember as well as I, and all sorrowful memories fade away. There seems to have been a dark bridge connecting that time with this. I travelled over it; but it is swept away now, and I see it no longer. I am happy; my thoughts are with you; and I die blessing you with my latest breath. I commit my Doris to your care, if for her sake it should ever come to pass that these papers should be placed in your hands. For my sake, John, take care of Doris.

* * * * * *

My blessing!—my last blessing! John, beloved husband, my blessing.

* * * * * *

And here ended the poor wife's story.

The strange past came like a flash of lightning to Mr. Lynn's recollection. He remembered the bent and tottering stranger,—he remembered the bunch of flowers upon his children's grave, and how he had wondered who had laid them there.

O Ellen!—Ellen!

CHAPTER XXVI.

The eastern counties line runs through rather a desolate display of landscape. Essex is certainly not a favorable specimen of English scenery, though here and there one finds a pretty village with picturesque lanes, and a river winding through it. But such villages are not on the line of railroad, but lie away from it; and let us hope they may long be spared the effect of its progressive influences, despite the seeming illiberality of the sentiment.

Passing from the Shoreditch Station, through, or rather over miles of houses, the line takes its way through suburban retreats, and out into more decided though flat and uninteresting country.

A wondrous sight those miles and miles of houses, closely packed together, tall, dark, gloomy, and one enters into a calculation of what might be the average allotment of dwelling room to each of the three million inhabitants of the wonderful city,—of how much coal is burned to send up so much smoke, that rolls itself into clouds that hang in dingy canopies between earth and heaven, never aspiring to soar aloft to their whiter and more transparent brethren: indeed, they appear to have a decided antipathy to fleeing away in an upward direction, their genius being not to rise but to extend themselves, and so they stretch away, north, south, east, west, over turret, steeple, tower, palace, cathedral, abbey, bridges, and river; short and tall chimneys pulling up reinforcements in the shape of voluminous columns that, twisting into fantastic wreaths, crown the brows of the mighty metropolis.

And yet, perhaps, these unappreciated smoke-clouds give us some of the most marvellous sunset effects that it is possible for a painter to behold; when the sun battles through the haze and turns to silver mist the opposing force, or tinges with crimson, gold, and opal tints the edges of quaintly-shaped masses, or pierces through them with a sudden burst of brightness, sending a whole shower of golden motes athwart their leaden gray; or separates them, letting in a dash of blue so clear and transparent that it gleams like the purest sapphire; or ray crosses ray, or is turned out of its course, and the dusky cloud atmosphere is illuminated, and one beholds a glorious confusion of light and color—an effect wilder and more wondrously dazzling than the most bewildering of Turnereque pictures. And below, the city lies in gloomy silhouette, with spectre towers and spires, and phantom bridges, reflected phantom-like in the burnished river. And the heavens seem raining down a shower of golden dust as though in mockery of the toil of those who labor out their lives for what the unseen hands are flinging so lavishly away.

The train goes on. Passing through miles and miles of houses and of outskirts, until one becomes prophetic, and prophesies of the future, when railways shall so have intersected this small island of ours, and towns so risen up along the lines, that there shall come to be one vast London extending through the breadth and length of the land, with not a gap of country, save here and there a stunted park as breathing hole for the lungs of the mammoth city;—when green fields, and waving corn, and breezy downs, and "giant oaks," and "desert caves," shall be belongings of the past, whose being, chronicled by the poets, will seem so incredible that future generations will regard them as appertaining to a mythic age;—when there will no longer be a ruined castle to carry us back to chivalrous, if somewhat barbarous times; when Stonehenge itself may be applied to building purposes, for we are coming to the utilitarian age.

Progress!—progress is the war-cry now; all men are enlisting, or being enlisted—for in many cases the form is passive—under its banner. The past stands no longer as a light-house, casting long gleams of light across the flood; its lantern is out of order, its oil is spent, and there is no one left to trim it. The future stretches out a giant hand towards us, holding a flaming torch and luring on to an Eldorado, crying, "Come unto me, for I alone am to be trusted; I will lead you on."

The sage is left behind, for prophets have arisen; and yet, in spite of prophets, the Age of Faith has not yet come.

But Doris, as she travelled through the winter evening, pondered upon none of these things.

It was too dark to see anything beyond the high white walls that the snow-covered banks occasionally reared on either side. At the stations the lights fell upon the white bushes, and Doris saw that the snow was beginning to acquire some depth. The train moved more slowly, and the time dragged very heavily. Should she ever reach her journey's end?

At every station she looked out eagerly, and at last she saw the name she so desired to see painted up in large letters,—and the porter passed along, calling out the name of the place.

Doris got out with her little bundle.

"Any luggage, ma'am?" inquired the porter, instinctively.

"None; I want to go on to Linton, can I get a conveyance of any kind?"

No, there were none at the station.—How far away was Linton?—A matter of three miles or so. And it was beginning to snow again. Doris was perplexed. Still, if she knew the way—she was used to the country, and did not feel afraid; she should not meet many people, and it was not late.

She inquired whether it were a good road. A good road all the way, and tolerably direct. So she thought she could manage it. The snow was falling very gently indeed, she hoped it would leave off. And she set out on her way to Linton.

She walked for more than a mile without meeting any one but a solitary laborer going home after his day's work. He said "Good-night," as he passed her, and she, accustomed to country ways, bade him "Good-night," too.

Then she went on. She was a little puzzled now, for she came to a point where the road divided, and could not determine which way to take. She looked around for a sign-post, but there was not one to be found.

Then she strained her eyes in hopes of discovering some dwelling near, where she might make inquiries. But it was too hazy for her to see far; she must make up her mind to go one way or the other, and take her chance of meeting with some one to set her right if she were in the wrong path.

So she took the turn to the left, which fortunately proved to be the one that led to Linton, as she soon afterwards learned from some children whom she overtook, and who were trudging contentedly along towards the village.

"How came it they were out so late?" Doris asked.

"They had been spending the day with their grandmother; their holidays had just begun."

"Where did they go to school?"

"To the school in the village."

"To Mrs. Howell's?"

"Yes."

The children were surprised that a stranger should know the name of their teacher.

"Is Mrs. Howell at home now?" asked Doris, for a sudden fear fell upon her less she might be away for her holidays.

"Oh, yes; it was too cold for her to go away at Christmas."

Doris started. Christmas! She had forgotten that it was close upon Christmas.

"Will you show me where Mrs. Howell lives?" she said, as they entered the village.

"Yes, they should pass the house on their way home."

Since leaving the station, the road had gradually ascended, and raised above the valley stood the village of Linton, with its gray church, whose unfinished tower was perhaps more beautiful than if it had been in a state of completion; an air, too, of interest attached to it in consequence of the legend that with its founder's fall, it, too, was doomed to remain a partial ruin, over which the twining ivy has crept, as though nature had had pity on the work that men had ceased to care for. The children stopped at a small garden gate.

"You must go up to the house and knock; Mrs. Howell is in, for the light is coming through the cracks in the shutters."

And the children went away, and Doris, followed their directions, knocked at the cottage door.

It opened into a good-sized room, half-parlor, half-kitchen, with a square of carpet on the tiled floor, and a thick cloth hearth-rug, the work of Mrs. Howell's own hands, before the fireplace. The fire was blazing brightly, and sending a cheerful flickering light upon the polished oak dresser, and making the plates and dishes glitter; and it shone upon Mrs. Howell's tea-caddy that stood as a centrepiece in front of a gorgeous tray, flanked by a large Bible and a work-box, both in green baize covers. There was a curious old table, almost as black as ebony, with carved legs and a couple of drawers in it, and a high-backed chair of similar date and pattern. A wide sofa covered with chints stood underneath the window, the kettle was singing on the hob, and a large tabby cat sat meekly purring upon the hearth-rug.

Doris peeped in through the half-open door and shivered for the first time, for the warm pleasant picture within made her feel how cold it was outside. She stood pondering how to make herself known.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Howell, seeing a figure in dripping garment standing in the half-light.

"Have you forgotten me, Mrs. Howell?" said Doris.

"I can't see you where you stand," replied Mrs. Howell, "so I can't tell in that way; but I seem to know your voice. Come in," and as she spoke she drew Doris into the house and closed the door, for the night air was blowing in so keenly that the large tabby cat looked round reproachfully as if to intimate that she was by no means accustomed to the cold wind pouring in upon her sleek sides in that manner.

"I declare it's Miss Carmichael," said Mrs. Howell; "but how you've grown since I saw you. And—" here her eye fell upon Doris's black dress and then upon Doris's pale, weary face,—"you're in trouble, my dear; come, sit down."

And Mrs. Howell drew off the wet cloak.

"Oh, but you're wet through; your boots are soaked with snow."

And Mrs. Howell, placing Doris in the great arm-chair before the fire, began to busy herself in making her guest comfortable.

"I'll bring you down a pair of dry shoes and stockings, and some wraps, for you must have your dress off;" and Mrs. Howell disappeared up the staircase that found its way into the kitchen-parlor.

Presently she returned with an assortment of garments, in which she arrayed Doris, and made her lie down on the sofa, rolling it closer to the fire.

"There, don't speak," she continued, as Doris made one or two ineffectual attempts to say something, which ended in a fresh burst of sobs. For Doris's courage, which had borne her up bravely through the perils and difficulties of her flight, had forsaken her now that she had safely reached the haven. After the fatigue and excitement through which she had passed, came a reaction, and the more she tried to restrain her tears, the faster they flowed.

"Never mind, dear, don't try to stop crying, it will do you good. You shall have a cup of tea to warm and comfort you, and then you'll feel better, and you can tell me what's the matter."

"Mrs. Howell was a good nurse, and well knew what refreshment there is to both body and spirit in a good cup of tea. So she set about preparing the homely meal.

She opened a corner cupboard, and took therefrom a little black earthenware tea-pot, two delicately-washed china cups and spoons, a loaf of bread, and a pat of butter.

The kettle was already boiling, the shining tea-caddy was in requisition, and the tea was soon made and put to stand whilst Mrs. Howell toasted a round of bread; and then, all things being ready, she poured out a cup of tea for Doris, and one for herself. True, she had had her tea long ago; but what woman is there to whom a cup of tea ever comes amiss? Besides, she knew that Doris would enjoy it more in company than if she were taking it alone.

Nothing was said; but Doris, lying on the

sofa, sipping her tea and looking into the cheerful fire, left off crying and began to feel revived. She ate the toast heartily, for she had tasted no food since morning.

"What a comfortable place this is," said Doris, looking round.

"Yes, comfortable enough," returned Mrs. Howell, surveying her parlor-kitchen with satisfaction; "but you've been used to grander rooms than this of late, or I'm mistaken." Mrs. Howell's quick eye had noted the texture of Doris's dress and cloak, and she had drawn inferences therefrom.

"It's a better room than my mother had, so I ought to be content with it," sighed Doris, and again the tears were on the point of bursting forth.

"Your mother was a lady, and I'm not," said Mrs. Howell.

"My mother looked upon you as one of her best friends," replied Doris."

"True enough, so she did, poor lady; but that made none the less difference between us in one way. I don't mean but in another we're all alike, and the truer lady a lady is, the less difference she'll feel between herself and those below her; but in this world there are stations, and they thrive best who keep to their own, and don't go pushing into what isn't theirs and doesn't suit them."

Mrs. Howell poured out another cup of tea for Doris, and sat watching her. She did not like to ask the questions that were uppermost in her mind; for one she felt was already answered by Doris's black dress.

But Doris, having finished her tea, laid back her head on the sofa pillow. Her eyes involuntarily closed, and in a few minutes she was fast asleep.

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Howell to herself, as she put away the tea-things, "she's regularly tired out."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Carmichael, or rather Mrs. Gresford, had been Mrs. Howell's lodger for many years, and it was in her care that she had left Doris when she went on her sorrowful journey to Graythorpe. Mrs. Howell, too, had nursed her through the illness that came upon her after receiving Mr. Carmichael's letter. In fact, Mrs. Gresford's two friends, each a true friend in her respective sphere, had been Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Howell; so that Doris's first thought in her perplexity and dress was to flee for refuge to her mother's humble friend, who had known her all her life.

It was five years since they had seen each other, for, after Mrs. Gresford removed to another village "for work," as Doris had told Joyce, Mrs. Howell was persuaded by some relatives in the eastern counties to take up her abode nearer to them. And there she had been ever since, her little school flourishing, and herself living in greater comfort than she had been able to do in the south.

Mrs. Howell had been up for some time, and breakfast was on the table. She looked at the clock, and finding that it was half-an-hour beyond her usual breakfast-hour, she went softly upstairs to the best bed-room, a sort of state apartment, where Doris lay fast asleep beneath a canopy of white dimity, pure and spotless as the snow outside. And counterpane and pillows were as white as the curtains, and so was Doris's pale face, quite white enough to earn the name of the "snow child" that Mr. Chester had given her.

"Poor lamb," said Mrs. Howell, gently disposing the curtain so as to shade her face from the light, "she looks scarce older than she did five years ago. I won't disturb her, better let her sleep on a bit."

And Mrs. Howell descended to her breakfast, and ate it wondering where Doris had come from. And then, still meditating upon the subject, she took up her knitting, and knitted away, every now and then listening if she could hear sounds betokening the appearance of her guest.

At length Doris's footstep was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Howell bade her good morning. Doris was refreshed and sobered by her night's rest. She had accomplished her flight, she was tolerably safe in her hiding-place, and now what was to be her next step? She had acted so far entirely from impulse, and now she must sit down quietly and consider how far she had been right and how far wrong. And still, though she felt doubtful of the course she had taken, she felt that her impulse was true, that she had fled from something that was in some way false, though she could not understand it. She shrank from the false element, though she could not define it; she knew not what she disbelieved, but she had an intuitive perception that somewhere truth was wanting. She had, however, entire confidence in Mrs. Howell's good sense, so, after breakfast, seating herself, as she had done many a time as a child, at Mrs. Howell's feet, she told her story.

She told her of the last five years; of her mother's death; of her Uncle Carmichael, of Aunt Lotty, of Joyce Dormer, and of the strange revelations of the last few days. And Mrs. Howell listened attentively.

"Child," she said, "are you sure that you have done right in leaving those that are kith and kin to you?"

"I don't know," answered Doris, sadly; "they didn't know me as you do, and you were my mother's friend."

"And they are your mother's relatives."

"Relatives," said Doris: "of what use are such relatives as Uncle Carmichael? How he can be my mother's brother I do not understand, for never were two people more unlike."

"He has taken good care of you since her death."

"And why? Because he has found out about my mother's marriage; and having some spite against Mr. Lynn, he wants to revenge himself by getting the fortune from little Archie Lynn for his sister's child."

"And Mr. Lynn?"

Doris shivered. "I don't feel like a daughter to him," she said, "I can't help thinking of my mother and what she suffered. I never saw Mr. Lynn till a few months since, and people can't get up filial feelings on the spot. I don't believe in it, and I can't go and live at Lyncourt. I should never be happy, I should be thinking all the time that it ought to have been my mother's, and if it had been she wouldn't have died. It would be like dancing upon her grave to go and live there in ease and luxury. No, I could not do it. I'd rather go back to my old life and work for my living as I used to do. Oh, Mrs. Howell! let me stay with you and help you to teach or to do anything. I have been used to work, you know."

Mrs. Howell shook her head.

"I'm afraid that won't do. We must think it over."

"But you won't betray me, Mrs. Howell?" exclaimed Doris, impetuously; "you won't turn me away? you'll let me stay till I've thought it all over, and feel right about it?"

"Turn thee away!" said Mrs. Howell, fondly stroking Doris's hair. "No, dear; stay as long as you like; only, couldn't you send word to them, they must be so anxious about you?"

"I might write to Joyce," said Doris, musingly; "but, then, they would know where I was from the postmark."

"I have a sister in London: she would post the letter from there."

"That will do; and I must write to Mr. Chester also. He will help me, if any one can."

"Ay, that he will," returned Mrs. Howell; "that's well thought of. Mr. Gabriel is as wise as a judge, and he'll know just what ought to be done."

"Wiser, perhaps," thought Doris. And she wrote her letters: one to Joyce, that told of her safety without disclosing her place of refuge; another, a longer, fuller one, to Mr. Chester, telling him of all that had happened, of her doubts and difficulties, and begging him to come to her; "for, you know, dear old Gabriel," she said, "that my mother made you a sort of guardian, and, as you have plenty of money, and can go where you please, do let it please you to come to the poor 'snow-child,' who has fled out into the snow, and is shivering all alone in the cold world." This latter clause was purely metaphorical, as Doris was sitting comfortably by the fire-side, with Mrs. Howell blandly contemplating her from the opposite corner, and meditating, like Aunt Lotty, on the possibility of a wedding, with Mr. Chester and Doris for bridegroom and bride.

* * * * *

The sun went down early, though he had not done much to fatigue himself during the day; perhaps he found it too cold for him, and his rays might get frozen on their way down—at any rate, he found it stiff and awkward work, and he was by no means on such good terms with the earth as in the jolly summer time, though he was nearer to her now. But some friends are best friends at a distance, and so it might be with the sun and earth—who knows? He might not like her so well when they were more thrown together. And when he sank to rest, the little warmth that had tried to penetrate the cold atmosphere departed, the thermometer fell to freezing-point, and the robins, hiding their heads under their wings, tried to fall asleep without any uncomfortable fears as to the morrow's food. The water in the pools began to harden, and even in some cold rooms ice was found in the jugs, so that, altogether, regular Christmas weather was coming on, for, somehow or other, people seem to think that Christmas is scarcely Christmas without a good hard frost. People would certainly have a seasonable Christmas this year: there was snow on the ground and it was freezing.

Mrs. Howell was decorating the dresser and the mantel-shelf with sprigs of holly, for it was Christmas-Eve. Christmas-Eve! What would they be doing at Green Oake and Lyncourt?

Green Oake and Lyncourt had amalgamated. Aunt Lotty was sitting in her arm-chair listening almost as eagerly as the little Lynns themselves to the stories that Joyce was telling them. The younger child was seated on Joyce's lap, whilst Archie, on a footstool close by, was leaning his elbow on his knees, and gazing earnestly with his large, dark eyes into her face. He was as one fascinated. Gradually he edged himself nearer and nearer, and then removing his elbows from his knees he held tight by Joyce's dress, as though he feared she would escape, and his large eyes seemed to grow larger and larger as the interest of the story increased.

And where were the heads of the houses? In the small inn of a remote village in Devonshire, sat Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael; they had just arrived after a hard day's travelling. The two men who had not spoken to each other for more than twenty years. Both were intent now upon the same object—the recovery of a lost relative. Had the old feeling passed away? Had they forgiven each other their trespasses? Had, at last, the daily prayer been uttered aright?

Calm, stern, determined, with his thin lips more compressed than ever, Mr. Carmichael took the lead; whilst his companion, upon whose haggard countenance traces of the emotion of the past night were visible, passively assented to all his arrangements. They had been, after some difficulty, accommodated with a private sitting-room, for the resources of the inn were not great. And hither the landlord was summoned to be cross-questioned as to the events of the week, it being supposed that he would be well up in all village gossip.

"Did he remember Mrs. Carmichael and her daughter?"

"Of course he did; everyone in the place knew and respected them."

"Then he knew Miss Carmichael by sight?"

"Yes."

"Had she been in H——— during the last few days?"

"He thought not, or he should have known of it."

"Was he *quite* sure that she had not been there?"

"He could not say; he had been a good deal occupied, and had heard nothing of such a thing. It was just possible, he wouldn't say for certain, that she had not been."

Mr. Carmichael hesitated; he looked at the landlord, who was a great overgrown man, with a somewhat stupid but honest countenance. Mr. Carmichael decided to make use of him.

"The gentlemen had come down on a matter of importance. The landlord could be of use to them. Might they depend upon him?"

The landlord of the small inn suddenly became great in his own eyes. Certainly, they might rest assured that their confidence would not be misplaced. And the landlord, swelling with incipient dignity and curiosity, listened.

"The stout gentleman, in the glossy broadcloth and massive gold chain was Mrs. Carmichael's brother."

"Like enough; he had always thought she belonged to gentlefolk. And now that he came to look more attentively at Mr. Carmichael, he had a vague recollection of having seen him before. Yes, he remembered now, it must have been at the funeral."

"He, the landlord, might remember that, after Mrs. Carmichael's death, her daughter went to live with some of her mother's relatives?"

"Yes; the landlord had heard it, and he had heard say what a fine thing it was for her, and he hoped she was well and happy, for she was too tender a young lady by far to go on living as she and her mother had been living. They'd had a deal to suffer, they had."

Here Mr. Lynn shrank further back into a corner of the sofa, and pressed his hands to his forehead; and Mr. Carmichael observed, somewhat sternly, that they did not wish to hear anything of that nature. Whereupon the landlord bowed obsequiously, and begged pardon.

"All they wanted was present information, Miss Carmichael had suddenly left her relatives, and it was believed that she had returned to some of her friends in Devonshire."

"They'd no friends of their own sort here," said the landlord; "they'd only been here four or five years, and there was no one about that she'd be likely to come to unless it was Widow Wilson at the Heath Farm; she used to be very kind to them, and it was many a fowl or a new-laid egg Mrs. Carmichael had had from there, to say nothing of new milk."

Mr. Lynn groaned in anguish. And he had been living in such luxury. And again Mr. Carmichael found it necessary to check the landlord's reminiscences.

How far was the Heath Farm?

Not over a quarter of a mile; he would step up himself, if Mr. Carmichael pleased; he should be more likely to find out if the young lady had been there than Mr. Carmichael would, if so be as she had any reason for not wishing him to know.

The force of which argument Mr. Carmichael appreciated, and accepted the landlord's offer accordingly. And the landlord went on his fruitless errand, for no Miss Carmichael had been there or had been heard of. And inquiries in other directions had been equally unsuccessful. However, Mr. Carmichael determined to see Mrs. Wilson himself the next day; and discovering that she had really spoken the truth on the previous evening, determined to go to the village where his sister had settled on her arrival in England. And so he spent Christmas-Day in vain endeavors to find the lost sheep. Miss Carmichael had neither been heard of nor seen, and so he returned to H——— to rejoin his companion. Mr. Lynn had felt that business matters might be safely entrusted to his brother-in-law, and so had remained behind. His Christmas-Day was spent in wandering through the little village where his wife had lived, in picturing her life, her trials. He had seen the room in which she died, and now he stood beside the humble grave wherein she rested from all her sorrow. Yes, it was all over now—

All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience?

And he could never tell her what he too had suffered, for the dead hear not. As they left us, so they lie, and the tomb has closed upon their griefs, their wrongs, their agony. None can make reparation to them for injustice done, none can be forgiven by them or forgiven in turn. For the battle is over, and the Death Angel, sounding his trumpet over the hard-fought field, proclaims a truce—a truce that ends not until a louder trumpet sounds, and the dead, small and great, are summoned to their last account.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The *Saturday Evening Post* is the best literary paper in America. We take pleasure in calling it such, and recommend it to all who wish a paper of that kind.—*Gospel Echo.*

☞ COMBUSTIBLE PAPER.—It is stated by a London newspaper that there is a common reddish-yellow paper which, in some circumstances, is as dangerous as gunpowder. It takes fire by the smallest spark, and burns like tinder. When once lighted, if left alone, it is sure to be consumed completely. All the yellow and buff paper out of which envelopes are made partakes more or less of the same character. A spark of fire or the stump of a lighted cigar falling in a waste basket containing yellow envelopes, with other kinds of paper, would have a good chance of setting the whole on fire, and causing a general conflagration.

☞ A wandering rough and his temporary sweetheart broke into a Mr. Emery's house, in Lewistown, Maine, drove him and his wife out of bed, and ensconced themselves in their warm places. Emery gave notice to the officer of his misfortunes, who repaired to the spot, and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in tying the masculine intruder with a rope, and took him to the lock-up.

☞ "Sut Livingood's Yarns" purports to be a series of stories told by "a n'tu'al-born durn'd fool?" and these words from the title-page exactly describe the character of the book. An "A No. 1" notice, from the N. Y. Post.

☞ The Pope has written a letter to the municipality of Toledo, Ohio, thanking them for an offer of refuge, should a revolution compel him to leave Rome.

☞ A lady, attacked with hydrophobic spasms, after being bitten by a rabid dog, in Hamilton county, Indiana, is reported to be in the way of recovering. She was treated with bromide of potassium by the physician who attended her.

☞ Polly Hopkins, of Camden, Ohio, is 115 years old.

☞ At the Paris Exposition it is said that a novelty will be on exhibition, in the shape of an artificial horse. The ingeniously constructed animal when ready for the road, will travel twenty-five miles without stopping, and afterwards may be wound up in a few moments so as to go as much farther, and so on indefinitely. A horse like this must be a valuable acquisition, provided it can be bought cheaply as the noble animal of which it is a copy.

☞ Thus said Voltaire about marriage:—"The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar, or a bird with one wing, can keep a straight course."

☞ The Methodist pronounces waterfalls "godless." Other authorities pronounce them dirty. The neatest waterfall worn by the neatest woman acquires an unhealthy, musty smell after three days' wear.

☞ A wealthy widow lady in New York lately confessed, while supposed to be dying, a tremendous lot of love for her son's private tutor, and "willed" him $10,000. Lady didn't die—and the wedding is announced.

☞ John B. Gough has received an offer from England of $1 500, in gold, for one lecture a week in London, the course to be kept up for a year. That would make him $62 400.

☞ At Bhojawed, in Hindostan, recently, three natives, seeing the locomotive on a new railroad for the first time, stood on the track. Their curiosity was fatal.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCŒUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

English and American Books.

In reference to the American consumption of books, very erroneous ideas seem to prevail. We are constantly described as peculiarly a reading public, and nine men out of ten will assert, with vast complacency, that our superiority to our benighted English brethren in this particular is due to the advantages of free institutions. Now the facts of the case are that many more books are published in England than in America, and an English book designed for popular circulation obtains a much larger sale than a similar issue with us. Moreover, the English have their extensive and widely-diffused circulating libraries, to which ours are utterly insignificant. Where the Mercantile Library or Astor Place will take a hundred copies of a book at about a dollar and a half, the famous Mudie's Library of London will take three thousand copies at some four or five times the price. Mudie's will, in fact, often require for its customers a larger number of copies of a book than can be sold in the entire Union, even when reprinted at a low popular price. As examples of the comparative demands in the two countries there are numberless cases in point. Smiles's "Self Help" is a work which, in its subject and treatment, is peculiarly suited to American ideas and feelings; yet, while the English edition sold over fifty thousand copies, the American reprint, although at a lower price, has probably not sold more than a fifth of that number. The same author's "Lives of the Engineers," an elaborate and high-priced book, sold extensively in England, but no American publisher ventured to reprint it, although free of copyright, and with its numerous drawings and engravings prepared to his hand. The "Heaven our Home" books, a series of well-written religious essays, have reached their seventy and eighty thousand each in Great Britain, and their six or seven thousand in America. The Globe Edition of "Shakspeare" is a marvel of compactness, neatness, and cheapness, and reached at once a sale in the English market of fifty or sixty thousand copies. A Philadelphia house imported the work, but some two or three thousand are all that have been distributed in the States, although a far cheaper and neater edition than any of our own. The English periodicals are also far more numerous than ours, and as a rule have larger circulations. There is, perhaps, no one English magazine that has a circulation greater than that of Harper's; but there are several which nearly equal it. But nothing exhibits more conclusively the difference between the two countries in this particular than a comparison between London and New York trade-sale returns. While in one case the volumes sold number by hundreds, in the other they number by thousands. Mr. John Murray, indeed, will often sell at his annual trade-sale several thousand copies of a book which cannot safely be reprinted in America at all. These facts alone refute the prevalent notion of our greater book-buying and book-reading tastes, an error arising, probably, from our larger consumption of cheap daily newspapers. * * * *

An interesting consideration in book-making is the style of type. There is a settled connection between the form of the letter and the thought of the author which is more easily felt than analyzed; in one style of type an author's language will seem compact, in another diffuse; in one metal garb it will appear obtuse, and in another sharp and clear. There is what might be called an esthetic quality not only in the form of type, but in the spelling of words; and the opposition to Mr. Webster's innovations often arises from a vague perception of the fact. When you drop *u* from *color* you seem in some way to extract all the color and heart out of the word. If the idea is fanciful, why is it that the *u* is almost universally retained in *Saviour*, it being distinctly felt that to deprive that word of even a letter would be to sacrilegiously despoil it of its sacred completeness?—*Round Table.*

☞ The other day, at Toledo, Ohio, a cattle dealer received pay for a steer which had been sold to a butcher, and, rolling the greenbacks into a small wad, put them into his tobacco-box. Shortly after he extricated, as he thought, a portion of the tobacco, but, with all his mastication, could expectorate none of the savory juices, and finally took his quid out of his mouth to look at it, when he found he had been chewing his roll of greenbacks. He stood aghast for a moment, and then burst out: "Cuss the luck! a whole steer at one chaw!"

☞ The "Quarter," so frequently mentioned in British trade returns in their reports of the movements and consumption of grain, weighs 560 lbs., and is made up of eight bushels of 70 lbs. each. It is equivalent to 5 cwt.

☞ COCK ROBIN.—The wife of a Wall St. broker, residing in a fashionable boarding house on the Heights, ran away with an adventurer, because her husband took the ridiculous part of Cock Robin in the charade "Babes in the Woods," and hopped about the stage with two feather brushes under his coat tails.

☞ The Unitarian church at Hingham, built in 1681, the oldest in the United States, has just had the old time base viol, flute and violin superseded by a modern organ, though in all other respects it is just as our forefathers worshipped in it, nearly two centuries ago.

☞ A terrier dog was seized for debt and sold at auction in Petersburgh, Va., on the 8d inst., for $23. The officer executing the process required an indemnifying bond from the creditor before he would consent to so unusual a sale.

TO MADAME CLARA VON M——.
On Her Birthday.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

I wish my love were a nugget of gold,
Pure metal from California's mine;
And with all its joy-achieving power,
That gold, dear Clara, should be thine.

I wish my love might become a pearl,
The fairest e'er raised from an Eastern sea;
And in its white, rounded perfectness,
I'd give that pearl, dear Clara, to thee.

I wish my love were a wreath of flowers,
As thy virtues sweet, as thy beauty rare;
And I would place that coronal bright,
Upon the waves of thy glossy hair.

Alas! my love is only *my love*—
But 'tis earnest and pure, and poured out free;
Unhappily—" silver and gold have I none—
But such as I have, I give unto thee."

April 4th, 1867.

☞ A poultry man of the Hub recently sent to Manchester, N. H., a pair of Brahmah fowls colored a beautiful crimson, and they were passed off as just imported, at great expense, from Japan. The beautiful birds caused a sensation amongst poultry breeders, and their eggs sold at fabulous prices—it is said as high as $4 an egg.

☞ A tailor, speaking of the spring fashions, says there is not much change in gentlemen's pants.

☞ A short time since, two young ladies, well known, were holding high converse over virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit? as if I'd been melted and poured in."

☞ Dubbs, the speculator, met Stubbs, the real estate broker in the street, one windy, dusty, March day, and hailing Scubbs, asked him how real estate was. "Well," said Stubbs, taking off his spectacles and wiping the dust out of his eyes, "real estate is very active to-day, Mr. Dubbs; every one I see has a spec in his eye."

☞ At Neenah and Menosha, Wis., one day recently, the mills were compelled to stop on account of the races being filled and the wheels stopped by shoals of fish from Lake Winnebago.

☞ One Dr. W. W. Hebbard lectured on alcohol in Boston, last Sunday night, and said:—"He thought the time would come when legislation would restrain the sale of opium, the betel nut, tobacco and pork, as well as liquor."

☞ The Supreme Court of the United States refused to entertain the Mississippi petition for an injunction against the execution of the Reconstruction Act, on the ground that the bill was directed against the President, and the Court had no jurisdiction of a bill to enjoin the President in the performance of his official duties. The Court granted leave to file the Georgia bill, the same objection not applying to this petition.

☞ An impertinent fellow asked a gentleman, at a public gathering, why he had shaved off his side-whiskers, and was answered that to meet some men he required more "cheek."

☞ The latest exhibition of the extent to which some people suppose legislative powers extend, is a recent application by citizens of New York to the New Jersey Legislature to incorporate a company with power to do as it pleases with regard to mining and other operations in Lower California.

☞ The wife of a country editor in Ohio, a few days since, amused herself by throwing rotten eggs at the editor of a rival paper.

☞ A newspaper correspondent, who has been through Georgia and South Carolina, says: The traveller is forcibly impressed with the very great and earnest preparations for the coming crop.

☞ In the village of Jamaica, Long Island, a few days since, an organ grinder, while peaceably playing on his organ, was pelted with stones by ten boys whose ages ranged from 8 to 16 years. The man has since died from the effects of the stoning.

☞ "The easiest way to get a living," says a vagabond poet, "is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before."

☞ A TAX UPON BACHELORS.—The Patrie gravely announces that a petition to the French Senate has been drawn up by some strong-minded woman, praying for the imposition of a heavy tax upon all confirmed bachelors. The Patrie adds that it is being "covered with signatures."

☞ Motto for the photographers, "Off with his head."—*Shakspeare.*

☞ The Boston Journal states that recently an egg was placed in a vessel of cold water which was made to revolve 282 times a minute. The egg was boiled in six minutes, the only heat being the friction of the water.

☞ BANNS.—The San Francisco papers narrate several instances of childless couples having their desires for children gratified by newborn infants being placed in their halls. It has got so in that city that almost any lady wanting a baby can have one by merely leaving her front door a little ajar.

☞ Slander not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt his bite.

☞ Poverty, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show that they are afraid of it.

☞ An English clergyman recently refused to read the burial services over the corpse of a man who was washed up at sea, because "he did not know whether he had been baptised."

☞ The "Country Parson" now has charge of the largest church in the north of Scotland. He says of it, "Our parish church is 780 years old—and in our churchyard, people have been buried for 1,700 years."

☞ Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to have her father's house used as a court-house.

☞ Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

☞ The Mr. Ball who modestly claims to be the author of Florence Percy's popular poem, "Rock me to Sleep," is a member of the New Jersey Legislature. The other day a facetious brother member introduced a bill "to ratify and confirm" his claim to the authorship of the song!

☞ A Southern paper says that not less than one-half of the Southern white people have changed homes since the war, and about one-third of them have changed states.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

FOLLOWING A LEADER—WELCOME—A PERUVIAN PARADISE—ORNAMENTAL ART—FLOWERS AND FRUIT—A GUARDIAN DRAGON—A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY—A LOVELY VOLUNTEER.

Following without questioning whither we were being led by our lady of the light heart, who had simply said, after her introduction to us: "Come, my friends, there are no inns in Ayacucho, but we shall find a place for you all," we had little idea of and less care as to our destination and disposition; but having followed Dona Juanita and her bishop aid-de-camp into the town, passed the grand plaza, cathedral and central cluster of better class residences, and finally fairly out of town on the side opposite our entrance, seeing no where as we rode leisurely along indications of a public *posada*, or even an unoccupied out-door space that promised a tolerable bivouac, we began to guess among ourselves that our fair marshal was marching us to the woods, a belt of which lay before us, as affording more commodious and comfortable quarters for so numerous a party than any *casa* or court within the limits of the quaint, quiet, old-fashioned town could do.

We were partly right in our conjecture; into the woods we were led, and would have been content to have camped there, the small forest, consisting entirely of fruit and nut-bearing trees, all ladened with luscious burdens. But our fair commander permitted no halt, leading us still forward, until emerging from the orchard-forest we came at once front face to a high, white *adobe* wall, running a thousand yards either way, over which we saw red tiled roofs, a turret, tower, and the tops of tall palm trees waving gently to and fro in the breeze.

Directly in front of us swung open, at a signal from the bishop, a ponderous gate, upon which Dona Juanita, turning towards us, kissed her hand and said:

"Ride in, my friends—you are very welcome."

Sieur Jose echoed in Spanish:

"Entre amigos—sui muy bein venl."

So doubly welcomed and dually commanded, we rode in and found ourselves in a Peruvian paradise.

In front, a hundred yards distant and half hidden by many ornamental and more fruit bearing trees, we saw the nether structures belonging to the red roofs that had peered above the outer wall, the central building being of three stories, surmounted by a large glazed cupola, with roof of bright glistening tin. The third story and glazed cupola were features so rare in South American architecture, that they made us wonder until we knew better the mistress mind that had planned and superintended their construction. The front was balconied at the three floors and arranged with the comfortable and convenient Spanish jalousies, of which little could be seen, however, as the entire façade was a laced net work of flowering vines.

Flanking the central building on either hand were wings made up of ten distinct structures joined closely together, but lessening in altitude, going down by regular steps and terminating in one storied out-buildings, the ground floor veranda running the length of the entire range, the appearance of the combination being very like the front of the imperial palace at Stockholm, in less pretentious proportions.

To the right, as we approached the fairy castle, and distant from it some three hundred yards, was situated a fine chapel with a tower and chime of bells, and near it was an ornamental cottage in the light Italian style, such as those who journey in that direction may see dotting the shores of the lakes of Gardi and Como in Venetian Lombardy. In due time we learned that in this elegant cottage ornee His Excellency, Sieur Jose Manuel Madeira, Bishop of Ayacucho, maintained his bachelor establishment, and being a man of great wealth, with no heirs other than Mother Church, which, by-the-by, bishop and unexceptionable Christian as he was, he held no very high opinion of, he dispensed his lavish liberality like a true prince. One day, when he had us all at his table, that was supplied with every luxury, both in viands and choice wines that gold could command, he quietly remarked:

"I give my services to the church gratuitously. I perform all the duties of my office to the best of my poor ability. Why should I hoard up wealth to leave to her? His Holiness at Rome would never canonize me for so doing. I hold it to be more rational to make as many people happy as we can during our lives than to covet posthumous popularity and die in utter uncertainty of the disposition that will be made of the wealth we leave behind us."

"His Excellency is a Christian gentleman," Kate O'Harra said, in an under tone. "A philosopher," whispered Dr. Bond. "Of the Epicurian sect," added Consul Marsden. And then, at the bishop's nod, we all clinked glasses and said simultaneously, with much energy:

"*Viva la Egrazia!*"

To return to the situation and our reception. The Sieur Juan, observing our progress checked by admiration of the scene, returned a few paces from the front and said, in a tone that we all might hear, this time speaking correct English:

"My daughter, Dona Juanita, was born a rural architect and landscape gardener. It is she that has planned and directed the creation of all this harmonious beauty."

The declaration added astonishment to our admiration, for none among us had ever before looked upon a scene in which correct taste and artistic skill had so ably seconded nature in forming a rural paradise so near perfection. Surrounding the chapel and Italian cottage in front of the verandaed vine-clad palace on either hand, all the front space within the walls and between us and the mansion was a succession of parterres, serpentine avenues, bordered with fruits and flowers and faultlessly grouped shrubs, evergreen and deciduous trees. Centrally, in front of the main building and under the waving palm trees, was a walled circular reservoir, in the centre of which rose a pyramid of rock work, surmounted by Ledea and her Swan, correctly cut in Italian marble, forming a fountain whose jets of water fell in showery spray down the sides of the rustic rock work and in mist beyond over isolated rocks rising just above the surface, on several of which we saw sitting or standing snow white plumed and crested herons, magnificent crimson flamingoes, while in the water, majestically moving to and fro, were elegant swans, both white and black, great pelicans, stately, sullen and slow of motion, and mingling familiarly among these were smaller aquatic birds, of varied form and plumage, peculiar to tropical regions.

Between the fountain and mansion was an oblong terraced lawn, set thickly with shrubs and flowers, among which were distributed vases, urns and marble statuary; and having compassed this, we were in front of and within a few yards of the entrance to the main building, which, instead of being a heavy, dark archway, like the portal of a dungeon, according to the Spanish Moresque custom, everywhere there were light, handsome panel doors, opening in two leaves, the frame having an ornamental transom above and side lights of pictorial stained glass. Within the door, which stood invitingly open, we caught glimpses of a broad lofty hall, with frescoed ceiling, floor of marble marquetry, and panelled walls in light blue and gold finish, hung along their entire length with framed pictures.

Between us and the open entrance was a *dragon*—not a terrible winged monster, such as St. George encountered and destroyed—nor yet a frightful, ferocious nondescript, one of those awful jawed fellows that guarded ancient castles, within which slept enchanted beauties, but a veritable living, breathing dragon nevertheless—not dangerous, but excessively droll.

Beginning at the base of the droll dragon, there was a pair of stout, thick solid cowhide, "eastern made" boots, No. 10's at the very least. Shingling the legs of these down to within about six inches of where fashionable pantaloons terminate, there was a pair of very narrow-legged trowsers in stripes of alternate green and white, an inch wide, with old-fashioned side, slit pockets. Then there was a very short-waisted, narrow-tailed, brass-buttoned, scant-sleeved, blue coat; a rolling-collared vest of cinnamon-colored satin; bell-crowned, narrow-brimmed fur hat; a great deal of long, leather-colored hair; a thin, long, clean-shaven face; pointed chin and nose; a prodigious mouth, full of teeth like a sea-lion's; very light blue eyes; a tall, angular figure, and wrinkles that told off fifty years pretty positively. That, physically pictured, was our dragon. Port warden of the castle we guessed at a glance—Governor of Dona Juanita's broad domains we learned a little later—an ideal east-downeast Yankee of the Jack Downing or Sam Slick type incarnate. The dragon spoke in faultless character:

"I swum neow, Miss Nita; be we goin tew have all these ere folks tew supper?"

"To dinner first, Uncle Sydney," said the lady, in a kindly tone; "then to supper, and for our guests, a month I hope."

"Jist as yew say, Miss Nita. Ef they're yew'r friends I'm jist as glad tew see 'em as yew be. Yew'r all welcum, ladies and gentlemen, and I guess we kin take care of ye all 'bout as slick as enybody kin in Peru. Git right deown to once and walk in. I'll hev all yew'r hosses, and mules, and help took care of right away."

Sydney, the Eastern dragon, clapped his hands vigorously and crowed curiously like the loud *quonk* of a lost wild goose, and at the summons there came forth from the wing buildings on either hand, platoons of peons and *cholas*, who, directed by "Our American Cousin," in a medly of Spanish, Quesche, and Downeast dialect, laid hold of and led away our animals and attaches—horses, dogs, mules, and men servants, while our fair hostess led us into her Peruvian palace, and in less than an hour we were disposed of—as comfortably quartered, every man and woman of us, as we had ever been in our lives. Such of us as happened to have been born and bred in the United States, found ourselves especially at home, as the furniture and interior fitting-up was entirely North American in character and manufacture, and when summoned to dinner we found table, fixtures, service, viands, and all the appointments of the spacious *sala a manger* to correspond in ever feature with those of one of our first-class hotels in the United States.

During dinner, the "Lady of the liberal hand," told, in a brief, frank, confiding way, her history very nearly verbatim as follows:—

"My friends, after what you have seen of myself, my home, and its appointments, I shall probably surprise no one by proclaiming myself a Yankee born, and more than half a New England woman by education, though I have no personal recollection of the land of my nativity.

"My father, Don Juan Justinian D. Abbs, at the age of twenty-four, was married to my mother, Serena Warden, aged twenty. My father had just graduated at Cambridge with all the honors, as they say; my mother was the daughter of a retired Boston merchant of great wealth. At great risk of his own, my father had saved my mother's life, and she gave it to him with her hand, and all her love. The marriage was forbidden by my mother's parents, and she was in consequence disinherited by her father—disowned by all her relatives and discarded by her friends. I was born in Boston a year after the marriage, and when I was six months old, my mother, self-exiled, sailed with my father, myself, and Sydney Dragon—my odd American manager, adviser, and general superintendent with his wife—for Peru. Sydney Dragon had been farm manager for my grandfather, his wife, my nurse and god-mother, both remained firm friends, when all others except her husband, abandoned her, came with us to Peru, were friends to my parents through life, and are mine—the best and truest I have on earth. I am not quite so ultra Yankee as they are, but it is to their teachings that I am a New England woman, that my home is a North American one.

"My father had inherited one of the largest estates in Peru, and during his life added largely to it. Since his death, which occurred within a few hours of that of my mother eight years since, when I was in my sixteenth year—ah, I have confessed how near I am to the awful period of old maidism; but there are no old maids in Peru—since the death of my parents, I have had a mother in Mrs. Mahaleh Dragon, a second father in His Excellency, the good bishop, and so shrewd, careful, and able a manager in Sydney Dragon, that the wealth left me by my father has been doubled.

"My education, directed mainly by Senir Juan and Sydney Dragon, has been rather a *manly* and practical, than a refined, feminine one; but that I am not utterly ignorant of domestic, in-door duties, or quite destitute of a knowledge of cookery, I offer our dinner—every cooked dish of which I have either made with my own hands or directed the making off—as evidence.

"And now, my friends, you see me as I am—" Then checking herself, Dona Juanita looked across the table towards Dr. Bond, and asked, seriously: "Doctor, when, and where is it proposed to terminate your party pilgrimage?"

"About a year hence, in Equador, Senora," the doctor replied, in turn, looking seriously at the lady.

"Equador—a year—*Bueno!* That would suit me." Then, after a little pause, Dona Juanita asked abruptly:—"My friends, will you accept me as a volunteer and companiero?"

Down went knives, forks, and glasses, and all eyes went in wonder towards our lovely hostess. Surprise tied all tongues for a brief space, and then some one jerked out the monosyllable—

"You?"

"Why not? I shall be delighted. I will strive to make myself companionable—I will cost you no care or trouble. Some of you will go to the United States—you will permit me to accompany you. I have so longed to visit the land of my birth. These three years I have been all prepared, and only waited a proper opportunity. Now that is here, surely you will not deny me the happiness I seek in your society and companionship."

Again there was a pause, broken first by our impulsive Kate, calling from a long way down the table—

"Come with us, darling!" echoed ten times by—"come, and be welcome!" And then there was clinking of glasses and enthusiastic vivas. And so it was settled by a unanimous call; and when the week that we had been persuaded to spend at the Peruvian paradise, had lengthened to eleven days—and on the morning of the twelfth, when we went to saddle and rode out of Ayacucho, our faces set towards the Pacific, our lovely recruit rode beside Col. Easling, leading the cavalcade, and bearing with her the blessings of the multitude who so loved and almost worshipped her.

GEMS FROM GOETHE.

Does Fortune try thee? She has cause to do't;
She wished thee temperate: obey, be mute!

What, shap'st thou here at the world! 'tis shapen long ago;
The Maker shaped it, He thought it best even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its 'hest;
Thy way is begun, thou must walk, and not rest—
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case;
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.

Enwerl tells us—a most royal man—
The deepest heart and highest head to scan:
"In every place, at every time, thy surest chance
Lies in Decision, Justice, Tolerance."

My inheritance, how wide and fair!
Time is my estate; to time I'm heir.

Now it is Day; be doing every one!
For the Night cometh, wherein work can none.

☞ Mr. Frederick Kapp, in an article on Washington's character, which he contributes to "The Historical Magazine" for March, charges Mr. Jared Sparks with "falsifying the record of Washington's life and of American history." It is within his personal knowledge, (he says,) that Mr. Sparks suppressed some passages in certain autograph letters of Washington which Mr. Kapp has seen, and tampered with other passages, in order to make the hero appear more devoted as a Christian than he really was, and more conversant with the requirements of modern propriety.

☞ From the last reports of the Scottish Register Office, we learn that the death rate among bachelors, is double what it is among married men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty; between thirty and thirty-five, it remains at nearly the same proportion; while on the whole, taking married and single in the lump, husbands live twenty years longer than unmated gentlemen.

☞ At a school in Chicago, recently, the inspector asked the children if they could give any text of the Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children quoted in reply the text: "No man can serve two masters."

☞ A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds contains only two and a-half pounds of perfectly dry residuum.

☞ Begging has been reduced to a science in Columbus. The latest application was from a little girl on a street corner who earnestly pleaded for a "chaw o' terbaccer for her sick and dying mother."

☞ Somebody says "devil" is a mean word any way it may be written. Remove the *d* and it is "evil;" remove *e* and it is "vile;" remove the *v* and it is "ill;" remove the *i* and *l* remains, which has the aspirate sound of "hell."

☞ AMERICAN CREDIT ABROAD.—It is announced, on the authority of one of the officers of the Bank of England, that "in all its dealings with the United States the bank had never lost a dollar by an American." The largest note ever discounted by this bank was a "piece of paper" for £800,000, about $4,000,000 in gold.

☞ The Nevada newspapers display great genius in the invention of new words. One of them acknowledges the receipt of several "*porkatorial* favors," and another says the Placerville route is impassable "except for a good *snowshoes*."

☞ A couple were very much married at Galt, Canada West, a few days ago. The clergyman who tied the knot had the assistance of no less than seven others.

☞ The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone out West to marry the woman who never looked into a looking-glass.

☞ A gentleman having presented his church with the "Ten Commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

☞ The swarm of State Commissioners sent to the Paris Exposition find themselves left out in the cold, as the French authorities will recognise only those coming from the *National* Government. Some states have more Commissioners than articles on exhibition.

☞ George Elliot, or Miss Evans, or Mrs. Lewes, the author of "Felix Holt, the Radical," is recruiting health and genius in Granada, and is delighting in the glories of the Alhambra.

☞ Cashmere goats, it is stated, can be raised in this country at an expense of but $5 each, and they are sold at $1,000 a piece. The demand for pure imported breeds of these animals is so great that an agent has been sent to Asia by persons in this country who are interested, who has been commissioned to import the best animals that he can get, and also to investigate the mode of manufacturing the celebrated Cashmere and Angora Goats into fabrics, and, if possible, introduce that branch of industry into America.

Importance of Ventilation.

Before I leave this subject I would draw attention to the physiological fact that the lungs are made to breathe cold as well as warm air—indeed, air of any temperature, from zero to one hundred degrees Fahr., just as the face is made to bear exposure to the external atmosphere. How could the lungs be protected?—if they require protection, which they do not. Domestic animals that live out in the open air winter and summer are freer from colds than those that live in warm stables; and men who are much exposed, and constantly breathe air at low temperature, are less liable to colds and influenza than those who live constantly in warm rooms. All who have horses are aware that to keep a stable warm is the surest way for the inmates to suffer from constant colds.

I may mention two facts that aptly illustrate the evils of defective ventilation. Some years ago I was riding in the Highlands of Scotland with a local proprietor, when we came upon a village of well-built stone houses with slated roofs, which strongly contrasted with the miserable shanties or hovels generally met with. On my complimenting him on his rebuilt village, he told me that he had acted for the best in erecting these good weather-proof houses for his tenants, but that, singular to relate, they had proved more unhealthy than the miserable dwellings which their occupants previously inhabited. Fever and other diseases had proved rife among the latter. On examination I found that the windows were fastened, and never opened; and I have no doubt that their comparative unhealthiness was in reality owing to their being quite weather-tight, and consequently unventilated. In the miserable hovels they previously inhabited, if the rain of Heaven came in, so did the pure air.

The other fact is narrated by Prof. Hind, in a recent interesting work on Labrador. Consumption appears to be all but unknown to the natives living wild in the fastnesses of this desolate region, in tents made of spruce branches imperfectly lined with skins, and more or less exposed on all sides to the external air; although they are exposed to famine and every species of hardship. But when these same natives come down to the St. Lawrence to take a part in the fisheries, occupy well-built houses, and, being well paid, live in comparative luxury, most of them in the course of a year or two become consumptive and die miserably. I am fully impressed with the idea that the development of the disease under these circumstances is the result of their living in close houses in a vitiated atmosphere, as is no doubt is in our own towns. —*Cincinnati Journal of Medicine, from Dr. J. H. Bennett on the Treatment of Consumption.*

A Solicitor in a Rage.

Recently, a gentleman entered a hotel in London, very early in the morning, and requested to see Mr. A., a solicitor, who was stopping there, as he had to speak to him on some very important business. The worthy gentleman, however, was in bed, and no amount of knocking at his door succeeded in awaking him. Mr. M. was in despair; but all at once a bright idea flashed into his mind, to the effect that the servants of the Telegraph Company were incomparable in succeeding in making people open their doors. Forthwith the worthy gentleman went to the Telegraph Office and despatched a telegram to his wife, at Bristol, instructing her to send a message at once by telegraph to Mr. A., British Hotel, London, with the following words: "Get up; it is high time." A few minutes after, an employé of the Telegraph Office arrived at the hotel and knocked at the door of the solicitor, making such a row that the gentleman called out, "Who's there?" "A telegram for you, sir." The solicitor opened the door, took the telegram, and read, "Get up; it is high time." "I should like to see the man who had the impudence to send me this," said the solicitor, in a rage. At this moment the gentleman who had played the joke made his appearance and explained matters. The worthy man of the law could not help laughing heartily at the trick played upon him, and at once entered into conference with the gentleman on business matters.

☞ TERRITORIAL GROWTH.—After the Revolution had ended, in 1783, our country covered 820,680 square miles. In 1860, by various acquisitions, this had grown to 3,010,277 square miles, and now, by the Russian cession, it is 3,491,553 square miles. The Republic has extended to more than four times its size eighty-four years ago, a fact which should receive honorable mention from our Fourth of July orators.

☞ Beet root sugar, it is announced, is successfully made in Illinois. About 100,000 pounds of very good quality have just been received at the State capital, from a manufactory recently established in Livingston county, Illinois.

☞ New Grenada is one of those delightful South American countries which is in a state of perpetual revolution. The last movement has been the seizure by Mosquera of sixty-eight of his Congressmen, who are now imprisoned, and great excitement exists throughout the country. The people of New Grenada seem as fully capable of self-government as the people of Mexico, but no more.

☞ Some time ago they started a female seminary in Salt Lake City. It flourished well, but in the height of its prosperity the Mormon music-teacher eloped with and "married" the whole school.

☞ Some wives are said to be so jealous that they don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

☞ The other day Mr. C. treated his son, a wide awake little fellow of four summers, to a sleigh ride. The horse slipping, came down upon his haunches, at which the youngster remarked imperiously, "I don't like to have the horse sit down to rest, pa."

☞ It is estimated that there is $3,600,000 of counterfeit money in circulation in this country.

☞ A young lady in New York recently hung herself with the cord of the bridal bed on the morning after her marriage.

☞ Adams the Joppa leader, mounts a high horse in speaking of those of his followers who have murmured. "Some of them," says he, "have sickened and died, and others soon will unless they repent!"

☞ TRANSPLANTING TREES.—Mark the north side of trees with red chalk before they are taken up, and when set out have the tree put in the ground with its north side to the north in its natural position. Ignoring this law of nature is the cause of so many transplanted trees dying. If the north side is exposed to the south the heat of the sun is too great for that side of the tree to bear, and therefore it dries up and decays.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sea," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Power of Women in Turkey.

A man, meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her; they seem to detest an impudent woman, to shun, and to avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians, who may have dissensions or altercations with Turks, if he has a woman of spirit, or a virago for his wife, sets her to revile and brow-beat them, and, by these means, not unfrequently gains his point. The highest disgrace and shame would attend a Turk who should rashly lift his hand against a woman; all he can venture to do is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex lay such stress on this privilege that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess, to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on the bench, or even the Vizier at his divan; the officers of justice do not know how to resent their turbulence; and it is a general observation that, to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause.—*Sir George Larpent's Turkey.*

☞ An old gentleman (thought to be a member of the Legislature from the "rural districts,") went into Trinity Church at Boston, Sunday afternoon, while Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was repeating the service to the deaf mutes, by signs, etc. After attentively watching the proceedings for a few moments, he rose from his seat, took his hat and cane and started for the door, and, as he passed out, shook his head reproachfully at the sexton, and muttered, "I can't stand them ritual tantrums nohow."

☞ A gentleman met another in the street who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus: "Ah! my friend, you walk slowly." "Yes," replied the man, "but I'm going fast."

☞ A Philadelphia scoundrel is described as follows:—"He is one of the handsomest male bipeds upon whom our optics ever rested. In stature about five feet high, with a complexion like mother-of-pearl, a beautiful eye, and hair like floss silk. He stood before the Alderman a model for an Adonis."

☞ A noble heart will disdain to subsist, like a drone, upon the honey gathered by others' labor—like a leach, to filch its food out of the public granary—or, like a shark, to prey on the lesser fry, but will one way or other earn his subsistence.

☞ MERCURY IN HUMAN REMAINS.—A French journal relates a story of a wealthy farmer who died many years ago, and on digging a grave in close proximity to where he had been buried, the bones were accidentally exhumed. On examination, brilliant particles of a metallic lustre were found, which, on being collected, presented a considerable quantity of oxide of mercury. Thus, for thirty-five years the mercury had been preserved almost without alteration in the body of deceased, who had probably made frequent use of the metal during the latter part of his life.

☞ "Mike, have you settled that affair with Lowis yet?" "Yes, he kicked me off the stoop last week, and since that he has stopped bothering me."

☞ A close fellow remarked to a friend that he saw a pitiable sight when he took his morning walk, and he couldn't help *feeling* for the starving child. His friend inquired how much he was influenced by his feelings to give. He answered that he controlled his feelings.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

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will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies	$4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club	8.00
8 " " " "	12.00
14 " " " "	$20.00
20 " " " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra.*

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☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars to *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

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HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents.*

A ROSE-BUD MEMORY.

Ah why does this rose-bud more beautiful seem
Than when gracing the spot where it grew;
All withered and pale, of a flower but the dream?
'Tis because it was given by you.

'Tis because the sweet floweret had lingered awhile
On the bosom of beauty and youth,
Had borrowed her lustre, had stolen her smile,
And came to me breathing her truth.

And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay,
And mournfully drooping its stem,
And tints from the rainbow are fading away,
'Twill still be of roses the gem.

Like its fragrance, still lingering, fond memory the while
Will couple this blossom with thee,
And soothe by recalling the look and the smile
That came with the rose-bud to me.

Good Digestion.

Men who succeed need not have any subtile minds, or brilliant imaginations, or marvellous powers of industry. Some industry, some imagination, and some acuteness are, doubtless, indispensable. But the one indispensable factor is a good digestion. The laborious man and the industrious man is often of an atrabilious temperament, gloomy and austere; or he is nervous, fidgetty, anxious and fretful. In neither case is he successful. He may consume gallons of midnight oil on some very clever or very learned book, but after being a three weeks' lion, he will find himself supplanted in the homage of society by his own book, or by some sharp, quick-witted, off-hand spark, who picks his brains, repeats his sayings, appropriates his facts or his inferences, and gains all the credit that is really due to the genius and industry of a discontented dyspeptic. Who is the successful man? The man with a good stomach, ample barrel, broad face, glowing cheeks, and a ruddy smile, which may denote good-humor, sympathy, or perfect indifference. Who does not know the "capital good fellow" of society, with his rosy gills, habitual smile, and white teeth; his little inuendoes, and his significant looks, indicating that he knows your latest secret and last-formed plans?

ONLY A DREAM.

BY A. J. RAQUIER.

By the lake, beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow—
As the young moon dipt and lifted
Her reflected bow!
Lived and died a dream of beauty,
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow;
And enriched the cup of pleasure,
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail, and Passion fleeting—
It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets,
With the sunsets go;
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below!

By the lake, beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
Of the glory there that perished,
None shall ever know—
When the human heart was broken,
Many years ago!

GURTHA.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER VI.

"When do we start?" asked Gurtha of the maid, whom, when she went to her room for the night a day or two later, she found just finishing the packing of that very complete wardrobe of Mrs. Garstone's providing.

The woman hesitated; she had been forbidden to say anything about the journey to Miss Trestrail.

"I know all about it, so you needn't tell me any lies," was Gurtha's politely reassuring remark.

"We go as far as London to-morrow, I believe, miss, if Miss Wintower feels well enough, and the weather's better than it promises."

Gurtha knew that the plan proposed was to leave her in Paris *en route;* the rest of the family, Miss Wintower with them, proceeding to Italy.

The room that had been given to Gurtha never would have been allotted to her had they had any idea of the desperate nature of the girl. One of its windows opened into a sort of outside corridor enclosed by glass, which ran along the greater part of one wing of the house to a glass-door, from which steps descended into a large conservatory; this was locked inside at night, and the key often left in the door.

When the servant was gone, and she had been alone some time, and the house was perfectly still, Gurtha locked and bolted her room-door; took off her evening dress, and put on the black one she had worn when she came to Chevals, and her hat and cloak. Noiselessly as she could, she opened the window into the corridor, stole along it, and looked through the glass-door down into the conservatory; a glimmering spark moved up and down among the flowers and shrubs. The place was dimly lighted from the drawing-room windows; and Gurtha, standing in the dark, could by-and-by distinguish Mr. Garstone, moving slowly to and fro, enjoying a cigar, the perfume of the flowers, and his consciousness of happy love.

Gurtha had to wait. At last, however, her road was clear. She got out. She flew through the shrubberies, climbed the locked gate into the park, sped through the park, and climbed the palings into the wood. Then, at last, she paused to take breath, and to think of what she had done. Escaped, alone and at night, as from a prison, from a house where she had been treated as a welcome guest, as a daughter, as a sister. The wood frightened Gurtha. It was full of fantastic terrors, from wildly tossed boughs, grotesque trunks, unfamiliar noises, sudden and unexpected movements. She pushed through it, caught at by tangled undergrowth of prickly brier and twisted thorn, sometimes more than knee-deep in fern: it was a passage of fear. When she was on the open moor, and felt the full sweep of the wild wind, she felt safe and at home. Sometimes she ran, sometimes she walked, always making towards the sea; sometimes, for a few moments, she rested. The night was not dark; before the morning broke, she had reached Michael's gate. She wrapped her cloak tightly round her, sat down on the ground, leaning against the friendly gate, to wait for morning—and fell asleep. When she woke, Michael was kneeling by her: he had jumped over the hedge, seeing as he came down the garden-path, in the gray of the morning, that something leaned against the gate. "I've run away!" she cried, starting to her feet. "How cold it is!"—yawning and shivering together.

He had risen when she did.

"I've been walking all night. I was hot when I sat down here. I suppose I fell asleep; but it's cold now. They've been very kind to me, but they were going to take me away to-morrow.—Be quick, Michael, and get the boat ready." She had seemed stupefied on first waking, but now her energy returned. "Be quick, Michael. They 'll find I'm gone; they 'll send over to the Grange; they 'll come to look for you.—Be quick, Michael."

But Michael stood still and stared at her. She noticed how ill he was looking, how altered, how strange.

"Michael, I do think you took me for my own ghost."

"Miss Gurtha, do you know what it is you have done?" he asked solemnly.

"Why, of course I do. What do you mean? Don't lose any time. Get the boat ready directly, sir, I say."

He said impressively: "Miss Gurtha, you don't know what it is you are going to do."

"I know what's the matter with you, at any-rate," she said: "you are angry, Michael, because I didn't write as often as I had promised. You thought I had forgotten you. Dear Michael, it wasn't my fault."

"I almost came to hope you *had* forgotten me, Miss Gurtha."

"But I hadn't. I can't do without my dear old Michael.—Michael, please be quick—please get the boat now."

"But, Miss Gurtha," he said, "I want to know this: do you clearly understand, that if you go away with me, as we had planned, you can never come back to be as you were before?"

"Do I want to come back?"

"But I mean, Miss Gurtha, people will say things against you, people will think things against you, the sort of things— Well, after this no gentleman will ask you to be his wife." These last words he blurted out; he had meant to speak more plainly, but, at the last moment, his courage had failed him.

"Do I want any gentleman to ask me to be his wife?" she demanded.—"Michael, do, do get the boat ready."

In the few moments that followed, Michael went through a great struggle. He stood motionless and irresolute, the girl all the while urging him on to be quick, to get ready, to lose no time; and the adversary took him unaware and at a disadvantage, after he had fought a hard fight, had come off conqueror, was weak with victory. In the time she had been away, he had come to himself, and had given up Gurtha. He had given up love and revenge, and the hope of ever seeing again the same "Miss Gurtha" from whom he had parted, and he had said: "It is best," and was settling down to a gray dull life. "It's very stormy," he said, looking out to sea. "I don't know that it's safe, Miss Gurtha."

"I'm not afraid; I always feel safe with you."

"At least come in and sit by the fire, and eat a bit, and have a drop of hot tea. Your teeth are chattering."

"Well," she said, "if you 'll be getting ready while I boil the water."

He led the way in, blew up the fire, and set some water on in a saucepan, put his tea-canister and teapot and a cup and saucer ready for her. Then he paused a moment before he left her, in spite of her impatient face.

"Miss Gurtha, I've a heavy feeling about my heart," he said—"a feeling that I'm doing you a mighty wrong in hearkening to you, and giving way to you. Will you ask God to forgive me?"

"You're doing me no wrong. What wrong can you be doing me? *Do, do* go and get ready, Michael. We can talk when we are in the boat."

He went out of the house. Cowering over the fire, she cast curious glances around. The room was a sort of kitchen-parlor, neat and trim, flowering plants in the window, books on the window-sill. Michael had not gone far; he did not seem able to tear himself away. He was looking stealthily at her through the window: he saw her stir the fire, lift the saucepan, make the tea. As he watched this done by her in his house, the old delirium overmastered him: his fears given to the winds, with his misgivings, his self-reproach, he rushed down to the Cove like a man possessed, and got the boat ready. "At least, if I can't have her, no other man shall. We'll risk it together," he said.

Quick as he was, Gurtha was down in the Cove before all was quite prepared. She was feverishly impatient.

"Are you warmer now, Miss Gurtha?" he asked her. He threw his best jacket round her, buttoned it at the throat, to keep it fast, and as he did so, fixed such a look of hungry love upon her as must have startled her had she met it; but she did not; she was looking out to sea.

He put bread and water, a flask of brandy, all the rugs and coats he possessed, into the boat, and then he gave Gurtha a few words of caution. The getting off, the getting clear of the surf, would be dangerous work. She must sit firm and quiet, do nothing but what he told her; once in the wide swell, and they were comparatively safe.

"I will do all you tell me, indeed I will, dear Michael," she promised.

"One thing more," he said. "I tell you there's mortal danger, Miss Gurtha. In five minutes the boat may be swamped, and as to swimming in that surf— In case anything should happen to either of us, would you mind just for once doing to me what you did when you was but a baby, and never since?"

"What's that, Michael?"

"Put your arms round me, Miss Gurtha, and kiss me of your own free-will. You wou'da't if I refused to take you, would you? But you will now!"

She paused a moment. She thought of Mr. Garstone, and hesitated. She thought of Edith Wintower, and then, laughing recklessly:

"You foolish old Michael!" she cried; "anything you like, only let us be quick—let us be quick;" and she threw her arms, as well as she could reach to do it, round his neck, and kissed him.

A few moments after that, they were tossing about on the surf. They were both drenched, and the boat was half-full of water almost immediately. Gurtha, at Michael's command, baled out the water; and Michael, teeth set and brows knit, strained every nerve to keep the boat right.

"We're safe enough, now we're once off. They won't be getting up at Chevals for a couple of hours yet," Gurtha said by-and-by, when they were in comparatively smooth water.

Michael answered nothing; and Gurtha, no longer having anything to do, no longer on the fret for fear of pursuit and capture, fell to thinking—of Chevals and its master—of what would be said, and done, and felt when she was missed. By-and-by, she got tired of thinking, tired of silence. As her excitement died away, fatigue made itself felt, and her spirits flagged.

The sea was turbid and stormy, very wicked and evil-looking under a lowering sky; it was all cold, cheerless, and gloomy, and the sea-birds shrieked dismally.

"I wish you would speak, Michael, it all looks so gloomy. You don't look like my Michael. I feel afraid of you. I'll jump overboard," she said, laughing.

"Be quiet, child; sit still. The weather looks bad, we shall have a squall down on us. I've work enough to manage the boat."

Something in his manner silenced her. He spoke first next. She was shivering violently, and her teeth chattering. They had been out some hours. He bade her eat a bit of bread and take a sup of brandy, and she obeyed him.

"You wish yourself back in the gay rooms at Chevals?"

"No, indeed, I don't, Michael; you needn't speak so crossly."

By-and-by, she noticed that he seemed to be pulling for the island.

"What's that for?" she asked quickly.

He did not answer till he had pulled a good deal nearer.

"I can't beat about in the open sea till the steamer comes in sight. She'll be late to-day—wind and tide dead against her. I must rest a bit. I'm pretty near done for," he said then.

"Poor Michael! Take something yourself. I'll hold the oars when we get into shelter; or I'll feed you now, if you like."

"*You* hold the oars! Now I tell you what it is—it's my mind, not my body, that's tired, Miss Gurtha. It's been just one fight now for a good bit. Sometimes I've got so weak, I'd have lain down for my worst enemy to walk over me, and only asked *for death.*"

He was leaning on his oars now, not using them, letting the boat rock and roll in the waves that rushed on and rushed back from the island while he gazed into the girl's face.

"What is the matter, Michael?" she asked timidly.

"The time's come when we must understand each other, Miss Gurtha. This is the matter: I love you, Miss Gurtha, not like a boy, but like a man. You must promise to be all mine—my wife. You've done it, Miss Gurtha; you've tempted me beyond what a man can bear. It's too late now; there's no going back. I love you as no man loved a woman before. Oh, Miss Gurtha, I'll worship you always. But you must promise to be my wife—all mine, and only mine always, or we'll drown now together. Some way, I'll have you; no other man shall. I had fought with myself, and conquered myself over and over. At last, I'd done with you and all the best things of life, and then you came back and tempted me, in your ignorance, your innocence, my beauty, but beyond what a man can bear. You'll have pity on me; you'll promise me now to be my wife." He waited for her answer.

She shrank from him, pale and speechless, shrinking more and more as he bent more towards her. This was not her old friend Michael; this man, with a passionate face, and eyes at once fierce and imploring. This was a stranger of whom she felt afraid—afraid with such a fear as swallowed up her dread of her brother.

Again he urged his cause, and then again waited for her answer. It came.

"Take me back, Michael—dear Michael, take me back, and I will promise always to love you."

"That won't do, my girl. I know what that means. And you will be another man's wife."

"Oh, Michael, I will promise never, never, never to marry anybody. I do not want ever to marry anybody," she said. And as she thought of Mr. Garstone and Edith Wintower, she burst into passionate crying, hiding her face in her lap. These tears rather hardened than softened Michael.

"You don't want to marry anybody, because you love a man you can't have," he thought.

Presently she raised her head, and renewed her entreaties. When she found them of no use, when she looked into his face, and thought she saw it stern and relentless, her passionate spirit rose. She stood up, with difficulty balancing herself in the rocking and rolling boat. She cried imperiously:

"Take me back, fellow; I command you. I'm not afraid of death now; I don't care for life now. Take me back, or I'll drown myself."

He was using every effort now to steady the boat.

"For God's sake, sit down, Miss Gurtha," he said; "I only ask you just to hear me."

She sat down, and then his bitterness returned upon him.

"You're like many another bad-hearted fine lady, I find," he sneered; "and I thought you so different. Too proud to be an honest fellow's wife—the wife of a man who would love you and slave for you—too proud to be his wife, but not too proud to have made a plaything of him and a tool."

"Michael, you are lying wickedly. You know it is not that!"

"What is it, then?"

"It is, that I do not love you—not in the way you want me to."

"Because I am a poor fisherman, and not a gentleman. But just listen, Miss Gurtha. No gentleman will have you after this. Your character's gone after this. That villain, your brother, who drove you to it, will lead you a dog's life after this."

"What have I done, then, Michael?"

"Haven't you run away to me? Haven't you run away with me? Aren't we alone here together, with no one to hear or to help? Don't you remember what they said of the poor parson's daughter? Don't you remember what names they called her?"

"And will they say that of me? Will they call me such names? Oh, Michael!" She hid her burning face in her hands. She was beginning to understand it all; and—she thought of Mr. Garstone. Would he hear her called these names?

"I'd like to see the man who shall say a word against my wife!" he shouted, shouting against wind and wave. "The poor parson's daughter went off with a villain, who never meant her anything but wrong. Now, I'll cut off my hand, Miss Gurtha, before I'll hurt a hair of your head—only promise to be my wife."

"What have I done? what have I done?" moaned the girl.

"What, I swear, you shall never have cause to repent. I'll work for you like a slave; I'll treat you like a queen. I'll pass for your servant, when you're ashamed to own me for your husband."

She lifted up her face.

"Michael, you do not understand me. I'd never be ashamed of you—I couldn't be so mean. I should be nothing but proud of you—if I loved you; but I do not love you. Only as a playfellow, a friend, a brother; but when you talk to me of being your wife, I almost hate you," she said slowly.

"Then you love somebody else?"

"Perhaps I do," she answered. "Some one else who only loves me as I love you." And again she hid her burning face.

The boat had drifted nearer the island; it rocked violently in the waves that thundered against its rocky side. Michael made no effort to steady it; he was absorbedly watching the girl.

Gurtha presently again commanded Michael to take her back.

"You think I am in your power," she cried; "but I am not—I am not! I don't care for life, and I am not afraid of death, and I'm in nobody's power."

He was relenting, but she did not know it.

Once more she sprang up—one foot on the side of the boat. She looked at him. Involuntarily, he stretched out an arm to hold her back, to save her, dropping his oar. She misunderstood the action. But whether the boat overturned with her, or she overset it in springing over, she could never afterwards distinctly remember. But they were both in the water, that she knew, for before she lost her senses, she felt herself seized and saved. He managed, somehow, by an effort almost superhuman, to land her on the rock. Then a mighty billow struck him, swept him from what he clung to, dashed him against the stones, and carried him senseless out to sea.

She lay senseless on the rock—safe for some hours, for the tide was falling.

CHAPTER VII.

The alarm of Miss Trestrail's disappearance was raised early. The gardener, going his morning rounds, found the conservatory door wide open, and made this known to the servants. The young ladies-maid thought she would run up and see if that wild girl, Miss Trestrail, was out already, or if the window looking into the corridor were still shuttered and closed. It was open; the room was empty; and the bed had not been slept in. The house was awakened. Mr. Garstone mounted immediately, and rode off to the Grange; when he reached it, Mr. Trestrail was still sleeping off the effects of an evening spent with a few of his most congenial associates. His blasphemous oaths when, still only half-awakened, he heard what was the matter, confirmed Mr. Garstone in his previous impressions of the speaker's character. They were such as could not pass the lips of a gentleman—of any man who did not keep utterly low and vile company.

The young men went together to the Cove, to Michael's cottage. Michael was not to be found: his boat was not in the Cove or anywhere in sight at sea.

"There is little hope but that they are lost, if they put out in such a sea as there must have been early this morning," Mr. Garstone said.

"No such luck. A fellow born to be hanged, like that Petcowrie, will never be drowned. As for her—"

"Hold your tongue!" commanded Mr. Garstone.

It was to Mr. Garstone that all the precautions taken to avoid a general scandal were due. Young Trestrail thought of nothing, talked of nothing but revenge. Mr. Garstone had made him leave the house quietly, and now made him accompany him to Thorney-cliff Village, which was just above the next Cove. They had furnished themselves with guns (Mr. Garstone had seen that his companion's was not loaded;) they secured a boat, with two stout rowers, to take them off to the island, ostensibly to shoot water-fowl. By this time, the wind had sunk, and the sea moderated a good deal. They went to the island because the fugitives might have taken refuge there; at all events, from its highest point it was possible to see to a great distance. Although the wind and the sea had by this time abated so considerably, yet reaching the island was no easy matter; and the boatmen considered it a queer freak of the gentlemen to want to go there in such weather. They landed at last, however, in its shore-ward side, and leaving the man with the boat, agreed to separate to explore it, after they had climbed to its highest point to search the distance. The upturned boat had drifted into a narrow creek, hidden from them by the precipitous ascent of the cliff, and was beating to pieces against the rock.

"If I cross his path, I'll shoot him down like a dog before her eyes!" cried young Trestrail.

"And if you do, no witness of mine, no effort of mine shall be wanting to get you hung for it," answered Mr. Garstone, in unrestrainable disgust. "For any harm that has happened, you have only yourself to blame. As far as your sister is concerned, I am convinced this is nothing but a girlish plot for escaping from what she so dreaded—being sent to school. As for young Petcowrie, the worst he has planned has been to get your sister to marry him."

"And what worse could he have planned, the impudent scoundrel?"

"Go that way, and I will go this; the sooner we part the better."

Happily, it was Mr. Garstone who found Gurtha. She was lying, still senseless, where Michael had put her; loss of blood from a deep wound on one temple had helped to keep her senseless. She was found but just in time (or just too soon, as she for a long time thought, poor creature;) half an hour more and she would have been dashed over by the rising tide, and swept away. Mr. Garstone lifted her up, and carried her to where there was a patch of scanty grass: he rubbed her forehead with brandy, and chafed her hands, did all he could to restore consciousness; wrapped the plaid he had carried across his shoulders close round her. She was cold as death: for a time it was not easy to be sure that she was not dead. When her eyelids opened, and her lips moved, her first word was "Michael."

"Where is your friend? When did he leave you?"

Thus questioned, she looked into Mr. Garstone's face steadily. Her head was resting on his arm, and the eyes she looked up into were very pitiful.

"I am dead, then," she said—"dead, and in Heaven."

The blood rushed to his face at something in her tone and in her eyes. He stooped, and kissed her cold forehead.

"No, my poor child, you are not: you are saved; you are with a friend. But what has happened, and where is young Petcowrie?"

She half lifted herself up, and looked about.

"I remember," she said, and paused. Then her eyes, falling on the upturned boat, caught in the creek just below, she screamed: "Where is Michael?"

"You do not know?"

It all rushed upon her.

"He is dead; he is drowned," she screamed. "He saved me; he never meant anything but to save me; and he is dead; he is drowned. I killed him; I upset the boat."

A few more passionate words told him all there was to tell. There was no hope whatever for Michael: hours must have passed since he was swept away. There would perhaps be a body to recover; if so, that would be all.

When Mr. Garstone found to what an agony of remorse he had recalled the girl, he almost wished his work undone. But Gurtha soon sank into a state of partial stupor—our greatest griefs often bring with them their own deadly opiate! Now and then, she said: "Poor Michael," but not in any tone that indicated consciousness of what had happened to him.

When young Trestrail found them, before waiting to hear anything that had happened, he began to pour down upon his sister's head a torrent of foul invective. This seemed to rouse her. Looking up into his face, she said:

"You call me every name but the right: call me a murderess."

Mr. Garstone was beside himself with disgust. Any suavity and courtesy he usually exercised towards young Trestrail (and it was not easy to him to be uncourteous to any one) deserted him now.

"Another such expression as those you have just used, and I'll knock you down!" he said; and Trestrail was silenced. Garstone looked as if he meant what he said, and the other was a coward.

It was not without difficulty that they got Gurtha across the island and into the boat.

She was known in the neighborhod as wildly adventurous, both by sea and land; her being picked off this island in such stormy weather did not excite much surprise in the men; they supposed she had been left there to hunt for wild-fowls' eggs; and that the storm had hindered her from being fetched off. This had happened to her before. She had met with an accident, too, they said. The men had enough to do to make the shore again before the night was down on them, and did not much trouble themselves about anything else. Mr. Garstone told them to try and get in at Petcowrie Cove: they managed it; were handsomely fed, and sent off. They had shouted out to young Petcowrie to come down and help them with the boat; but his not answering excited no surprise; it was so dark now, that they couldn't miss his boat from under the cliff; they concluded he was off to the town. Gurtha taken out of the boat, sank down in a heap on the sand: wet, cold, exposure, and loss of blood had taken all life out of her limbs.

"Come, girl, come; your own feet brought you here, and they must take you away again," her brother cried, shaking her roughly by the shoulder. Then, turning to Mr. Garstone: "Do you believe she can't walk? What the deuce are we to do with her?"

"I'm sure she can't walk. She's deadly ill, and may never walk again. Go up to the Grange, Trestrail, have a carriage got ready—any carriage you can drive yourself; get it down as near here as possible; I'll manage the rest. We'll take her back to Chevals."

"Will your mother have her?"

"Certainly she will."

"'Pon my honor, you're very good. I'm sure I shouldn't know what to do with her."

"Be quick. And, Trestrail, remember, the only thing to be said about this affair is the truth; that your sister took fright at the notion of being sent to school, and ran away."

Mr. Trestrail took his way towards the Grange. Mr. Garstone covered Gurtha as warmly as he could as she lay on the sand, and then paced up and down, keeping guard over her. The night had closed in rapidly: he could just distinguish the helpless form, and very pitifully he thought of the life lying before this girl if she lived, the blighted life, which could never be young, and innocent, and happy again, but must always have a bitter core of remorse. Whatever was the true history of what had happened, there could be no doubt that, somehow, that fine brave young fellow's life had been sacrificed by her. "Human judgment could hardly think it well that she should live; but Divine love knows," he thought.

What seemed to him a very long time passed before he heard Trestrail's signal-whistle from the cliff. He stooped over Gurtha then, and lifted her in his arms. It was no easy matter to get her safely up the steps, but he accomplished it. When he had put her into the carriage, she kept a convulsive hold of his arm.

"You are not going to leave me alone with him?"

"No, no; I'm going to take you to my mother."

"She needn't be so afraid. I'm not quite the brute I sometimes seem. I wouldn't hurt her now," muttered young Trestrail. He drove away; and Mr. Garstone kept watch over Gurtha, afraid lest, in her desperation, she should throw herself from the carriage. A few hours later, and she was delivered into Mrs. Garstone's kind and clever hands.

The physician summoned from Scarmouth remained with her all night, and in the morning pronounced that every symptom of violent fever had set in: exactly by what name to call the fever, he did not know, for the brain and the limbs seemed about equally affected. It might leave her an idiot, a cripple, or both. Poor Gurtha owed it to her strong constitution and hitherto perfect health that she fought through her violent illness to ghastly convalescence. But it was a long fight, and altered all the Garstones' plans, keeping them at Chevals that winter. With loss of health and vigor, Gurtha had seemed to lose all beauty. The first day she was moved from her sick-room, she asked to see Mr. Garstone. He found the change in her appalling. All her hair had been cut off; a close white cap surrounded the hollow face; her great eyes had a glazed, unnatural look; her temple was badly scarred; and the skin seemed strained tight over her somewhat large features. He could not help showing that he was shocked. She took the hand he held out in both hers, and pulled herself up that her face might reach his ear. "Where is he?" she asked.

"In the graveyard close to the Grange. The grave is as I think you would wish it: the headstone is a simple Cornish cross, in granite; there is an inscription, telling some of his brave deeds."

"Thank you," she said, sinking down again, "for this, and for all your goodness. You have never done me anything but kindness, except once—when you saved me. A little longer, and I should have been washed away. I lie and think of that, and long to lie there now, and wait for the wild swirl of water that would end this *thinking!*"

He groaned inwardly, looking at her, seeking about in his mind for something to say—something of comfort.

"If granny and the old man had been alive, I should know what I'd got to live for," she added; "but now, I don't know at all. I'd have worked for them as Michael did—just as he did, and I should have known then what I was left alive for." She turned her head away from him on the pillow, and the tears ran from her eyes; quietly as they ran down, they were, nevertheless, tears of intense bitterness.

"You're too weak yet to think of the past or the future," he said, stroking her hand gently. "The life God spared you, for His own good purpose, He will, by-and-by, show you how to use and to bear."

He was going, but she clung to his fingers: "I should like every one to know what I really am," she said—"a *murderess*, you know. He meant nothing but to save me, and in my passion I upset the boat. And after that, he saved me! He lost his life in saving me."

"You must not call yourself that name, or think of yourself by that name: to do so can do no good, can only work harm to you. Your mind now is weak and unhealthy, like your body; by-and-by, when you are stronger, we will talk all this over.—Will you let Edith come and sit with you sometimes? I think she could do you good. She is young, but she has suffered a great deal: she is different from Mildred and Adela, and from most women. May she come?"

"No, no; I do not want her.—I did not mean that—I meant I am not fit for her; yet if she will be so good, I should like her to come."

Mr. Garstone, before going away, stooped and kissed the scarred forehead, calling her his poor sister.

Mrs. Garstone came in a few moments after, and found Gurtha strangely excited.

"Tell him never, never to do that again!" she cried.

"What, my child? and who?"

"Your son. Tell him never to kiss me again. It was good of him: he meant to show by it that he did not despise me. It was good of him, so I am glad he has done it once; but it hurt me: tell him never to do so again." Then she groaned—"O Michael!"

A few days later, the brother and sister met. Trestrail was shocked and softened, and at the same time annoyed by the change in his sister. He told her to get well soon, and not fret over what was done, and couldn't be undone, and he dared say it was no fault of hers. He promised her she should hear no more of being sent to school, or of anything disagreeable to her, and that he would try and be a better brother to her than he had been.

She let her languid hand lie in his, till not knowing what to do with it any longer, he dropped it. She looked at him while he spoke, as if his voice came to her out of some other world, and she said hardly a word.

It came to be a habit of Edith Wintower's to sit with Gurtha for an hour or two every day; and Mr. Garstone was right—this did Gurtha good; she learned to love Edith, and this love lightened her heart and her life.

But when, early in the spring, Mrs. Garstone urged that Gurtha should join their party, should spend some months more with them, travelling with them, Gurtha refused, and pleaded instead for the old plan, that she might be put to school somewhere, anywhere.

Pushed to extremities, and urged to give her reasons, she did give them, when she found herself alone with Mrs. Garstone.

"Mrs. Garstone, I love your son: I am not ashamed of that, for he is worth better love than I can give him. I love Edith too; but somehow, as yet, I cannot see them together and not suffer—suffer horribly—a sort of suffering that makes me wicked. I don't understand it—for I don't want him to love me as he does her—such a thing as I am. I don't understand it—but—" She finished with a great burst of salutary weeping—hiding her face in Mrs. Garstone's bosom.

"Bless you, my brave girl, for telling me the truth!" And she was folded in motherly arms, and soothed by motherly caresses.

"If I could always be with you, I think I could be good!" said Gurtha—"but I can't; and, O Mrs. Garstone, I'm so young still, and may have to live so many years! and what shall I do with my life? How shall I bear it? Where can I bury my thoughts? He was so good, you know, so brave, so kind, and I killed him!"

"Hush, hush! You must bury your remorseful thoughts under good works, poor child! If I part with you for a little while, very soon, if you then wish it, you shall come back to me. I'll find you work, child, hard work, plenty of work, good work. When both my girls are married, Gurtha—that will be before another year, and my son—I shall feel myself free to spend my money and what's left to me of life in carrying out a scheme of mine, and, Gurtha, I shall want some one young, and strong, and loving to help me. In helping the widow in the hour of her affliction, in adopting the orphan (widows and orphans, child, of men lost at sea), don't you think life spent in that way may by-and-by seem worth having?—The first day you can go out, Gurtha, I'll drive you to the bay where I mean this summer to begin building a home. Don't you think, Gurtha, life may seem worth living for, when we know that we are loved and blessed by helpless women and young children?"

The girl listened with a brightening, softening face.

And, after long years, this dream of Mrs. Garstone's became a reality. The "home" was no mere "institution," but a real home. Mrs. Garstone and Gurtha Trestrail lived there, and loved there, and made the home-atmosphere.

Gurtha regained her beauty, her youth, health, elasticity, and hope; but she was content to hope for others, and to give her youth, health, and elasticity to help stricken women to struggle through trouble, and little children to grow up loved and cared for.

She lives on there now, after Mrs. Garstone has long been dead; she has the blessings of the desolate, and the love of little children to sweeten her life.

On the Cornish cross in the churchyard near the desolate Grange, an often-renewed wreath hangs.

THE BABIE.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin,
Her puckered lip and beamy mou',
With na ane tooth between.

Her een, see like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the budding o' our love,
A giftie God gie'd us;
We manna love the gift over weel—
'Twad be nae blessing thus.

A Love Story.

When Marshal Bazaine left the city of Mexico with the French army, his nephew, Lieutenant Adolphe Bazaine, was about to be married to a beautiful Mexican senorita. In the hurry of their departure, however, it was not found convenient to celebrate the nuptials. It was therefore arranged that the young lady should follow her lover to Orizaba, and that the wedding should take place there. Meanwhile the Liberals closed in upon the retiring French troops, and occupied the whole country, stopping the mails and travel. This was a sad state of things, but nothing is impossible to a true lover. Armed with a passport which stated the object of his retrograde journey, the young lieutenant started out alone for the city of Mexico, passed through the Liberal army and numerous bands of banditti, which chivalrously opened right and left to let him pass, and bore off his bride safely to France.

☞ Baltman, Secretary to an Insurance Company not considered too safe, having a handsomely furnished office, it was remarked to him that his room was better than his company.

BRIDEMAIDS' WISHES.

BY A BEST MAN.

Howe'er they fare,
That dear particular pair,
The twain made one, that single were;

Whate'er betide them,
Whether Heaven gently guide them,
Or some good fortune be denied them;

Whether we see
Their day's prosperity,
Or hear of 't, absent though they be—

Follow them, our loves;
Move ye where each one moves,
And tell them what our heart approves.

—We wish them ever
Bound, so as friends were never,
And faster than all time can sever;

Bound by no noose
That chafes with each day's use,
But by soft links they would not loose;

Sweet intercourses,
Tracing from two clear sources
One confluent stream of vital forces;

Kisses for th' asking,
Faces that need no masking,
And smiles, that blossom without tasking.

Unfailing buoyance,
To tide o'er life's annoyance,
And pay no pain for this day's joyaunce.

Hearts, for each other;
Hands, for a helpless brother;
Power to relieve and raise another.

Work, that not tires,
But such as each desires
To make life noble, who aspires;

Moments of leisure;
Praise, and good-luck in measure;
Large capability for pleasure.

Enough to eat,
Though 't be but Monday's meat
Served, with love-herbs, for Tuesday's treat;

If sick, to heal it;
If sorry, to conceal it;
And health, and a clear mind to feel it:

Daughters to heed them;
Sons, and bread to feed them;
And children's children, when they need them:

Kindly embraces;
Brightness of upturned faces;
And tears, on their last resting-places.

—We that were carried
This morn to church, and tarried
A little while, to see you married,

Though it pinch us nearly
To say a fare-well cheerly,
We say so still, and love you dearly.

All joys attend you!
All Providence befriend you!
So to each other we commend you!

The Nose.

It is rather a singular fact that, although the eyes, the mouth, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, the lips—in fact, all the other features of the face, have received commendation from the poets, the nose has been left alone, without much passing remark. Throughout all poetical literature, there seems to have been a strict silence kept on this important subject. No poet has ever yet found courage to write an "ode" to the nose. One would think it would be a very good subject, if for nothing else than for its novelty. It certainly is not worn out, because there has been very little, if anything, ever written about it.

Even in conversation, in every-day life, very light mention is made of the nose. How often we hear the expressions: "What beautiful eyes;" "what rosy lips;" "what plump cheeks;" but how seldom is the remark made, "what a fine nose!" Whenever the nose is spoken of, it is with a smile. No one ever talks seriously about it; few ever think of expatiating on its beauty. It is more than probable if our greatest poet should send a poem "on the nose" to the editor of a periodical, the latter would respectfully decline it, with the remark: "That's all very good, my dear sir, but then, you know, it is on *the nose*, and that won't do at all."

The very terms we use in describing a man's nose tend to bring it into contempt and make us laugh. For instance, we say that a man has a pug nose, a hook nose, a hatchet nose, a club nose, a snub nose, a potato nose, a peaked nose, a parrot's nose, or a turned-up nose. Some thoughtless people designate it as a snout, a proboscis; while others, in speaking of a large nose, call it a promontory. A Frenchman says of a clever man, that he has a fine nose; of a prudent one, that he has a good nose; of a proud man, that he carries his nose in the air; an inquisitive person is said to poke his nose everywhere; a *gourmand* is described as always having his nose in his plate; that of the scholar is said to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French say the mustard is rising to his nose. The English say of a man who does not form very decisive opinions—who is led by what others say rather than by his own judgment—that he is led by the nose. Others, who do themselves harm when trying to injure an enemy, are said to have cut off the nose to spite the face. And, in love affairs, when a rival has been supplanted, it is said that he has had his nose put out of joint.

A whole issue of our journal might be filled with the humorous allusions which have been made on the nose. From the very earliest times down to the present, it would seem as if there were a tacit agreement among mankind to make the nose a subject of jest. The following is a versification of a remark made on a man who not only had a very large nose, but large teeth also:—

"Let Dick one summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
His nose so long, and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders, side by side,
Then Dick, with very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial."

The literal translation of the remark is: placing your nose opposite to the sun, and, opening your mouth, you will show the hour to all observers. A Greek poet describes the nose of a man as being so large that its distance from his ears prevented him from hearing himself sneeze.

Although the nose has been ridiculed through all time, and held in contempt, yet the majority of the greatest men who have ever lived have been noted for large noses. The Romans had a proverb: "It is not common to every one to have a nose;" meaning that it was not every one who could boast of a prominent nasal appendage, or, to speak more plainly, have an expressive nose. Cyrus the Great had a long, sharp nose; and the Persians of the present day, in order that they may resemble, in one particular, at least, their great warrior, pinch their noses to resemble his. Cicero was called the orator with the equivocal nose. Julius Cæsar had an aquiline nose; so had Achilles; but the nose of the old philosopher, Socrates, it is sad to relate, was a decided pug.

It is almost needless to say that the nose enters very largely into the matter of personal beauty. All writers on physiology and beauty lay great stress on the part it must take in the facial outline. Some call it the regulator of all the features. One claims it should be one-third the length from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair; and, if there is any deviation from this rule, it must be an excess, for it would be better to have too large a nose than one too small. Plato called the aquiline the royal nose; and, from the fact that the subjects of most of the early sculptors and painters were represented as having large noses, we may judge that they preferred them to small ones. But tastes differ; for, among the Kalmucks, a dumpy nose is considered the perfection of beauty. The Hottentots, among other heathenish customs, flatten the noses of their offspring; and the Chinese consider a nose of no account unless it be short and thick. The Crim Tartars do worse than this—they break the noses of their children because they consider them in the way of their eyes.

The Bridesmaid.

Next to being a bride herself, every good-looking young lady likes to be a bridesmaid. Wedlock is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious; and, much to the credit of their courage, fair spinsters are not at all afraid of catching it. Perhaps the theory that the affection is communicated by contact is correct. Certainly we have known one marriage to lead to another, and sometimes to such a series of "happy events" as to favor the belief that matrimony runs like the cholera.

Is there any book entitled "Rules for Bridesmaids" in secret circulation among young ladies? It seems as if there must be, for all the pretty bridesmaids act precisely alike. So far as official conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmaid you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to treat the bride as "a victim led with garlands to the sacrifice." They consider it necessary to exhort her to "cheer up." It is assumed by a poetic fiction that she goes in a state of trepidation to the altar, and, upon the whole, would rather not. Her fair assistants provide themselves with pungent essences, lest she should faint at the "trying moment," which, between you and us, she has no more idea of doing than she has of dying. It is true she sometimes tells them that she "feels as if she should sink into the earth," and that they respond, "Poor, dear soul," and apply the smelling-bottle; but she goes through her nuptial martyrdom with great fortitude, nevertheless. In nine cases out of ten the bridegroom is more "flustered" than the fragile and lovely creature at his side; but nobody thinks of pitying him, poor fellow! All sympathy, compassion, interest, is concentrated upon the bride; and if one of the groomsmen does recommend him to take a glass of wine before the ceremony, to steady his nerves, the advice is given supercilliously—as who should say, "What a spoony you are, old fellow!"

Bridesmaids may be considered as brides in what lawyers call the "inchoate" or incipient state. They are looking forward to that day of triumphant weakness when it shall be their turn to be "poor, dear creatures," and volatile-salted, and otherwise sustained and supported, as the law of nuptial pretences directs. Let us hope they may not be disappointed.

Natural Suction Pump.

Livingstone, the African traveller, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert: "The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be perceived that this simple but truly philosophical and effectual method might have been applied in many cases in different countries where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practiced in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travellers in our deserts and prairies, on some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface."

An Extinct Race.

One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards, succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and punishment after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as a punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.—*Friend's Intelligencer.*

☞ A fellow who insisted on exercising his horrible voice under a lady's window, was made awfully indignant by her telling him it was only a Sarah-*naighed*.

REPENTANCE.

I.

A kitten once to its mother said:
"I'll never more be good;
But I'll go and be a robber there,
And live in a dreary wood,
Wood, wood, wood,
And live in the dreary wood."

II.

It climbed a tree to rob a nest
Of young and tender owls;
But the branch broke off and the kitten fell,
With six tremendous howls!
Howls, howls, howls!
With six tremendous howls!

III.

Then up it rose, and scratched its nose,
And went home very sad;
"Oh! mother dear, behold me here,
I'll never more be bad,
Bad, bad, bad,
I'll never more be bad."

A Jealous Monkey.

Here is a story of a jealous monkey, which shows how much human nature Jocko can display, and may perhaps be taken to substantiate Lord Monboddo's theory that men, after all, are but monkeys that have lost their tails:—

At Lyons, France, a ferocious monkey of large size escaped from a menagerie, and reached the provision wagon, where it commenced to regale itself. Over this animal the proprietor's daughter only had control. The proprietor seized a whip and threatened the animal, who, before receiving a blow, flew at him, threw him on his back, and tearing at his flesh, was crunching the bones of his arm, when the shrieks of the wretched victim attracted the whole personnel of the menagerie, but no one among them dared to approach the beast. Suddenly the unfortunate man's daughter was inspired with an idea. She dragged a clown behind the bars of the cage, opposite the open door, and told him to kiss her. On the sound of this salutation the monkey, jealous, as many animals are, and who could not endure any mark of affection bestowed on anything but himself, and howling with rage, turned round, and, believing them to be in the cage, dashed into it in order to fly at the clown. Needless to add, the door was instantly closed and barred. The proprietor's arm had to be amputated.

Jocko's jealousy is not more absurd than the inconstancy of the sailor of whom the following anecdote is told in an English paper:

A few days ago a seaman belonging to Hull procured a marriage license, leaving his sweetheart at home, who thought it very proper he should go alone to obtain that document. Having received it, he called at the house of a relative, where he met with an old sweetheart, with whom he had quarrelled five years before, and whom he had not seen since; but in one short hour they forgot their differences, and he his second love. They arranged to be married the next morning with the very license, the woman's name only being altered. The nuptials took place, and the bridegroom went to sea on the following day. The feelings of the deserted fair one may be imagined.

A Needle in the Heart.

An English medical journal relates the following in illustration of the danger of the habit which many ladies have of sticking needles in the front of their dresses. The fate of the unfortunate lover should warn young men to be careful how they embrace such walking needle cases:—

A story which went the round of the papers a few years ago, will be remembered by some of our readers for the mixed impressions of sensational interest and incredulity which it excited. It was briefly this. A man in the act of saluting a young woman to whom he was attached, clasped her in his arms; shortly afterwards he became faint and died. It was found that the young woman indulged in the perilous habit of sticking needles in the front of her dress, and that one of them had pierced the heart of her fond but unfortunate lover. A case which occurred the other day would lead one to think that the story possessed some degree of probability. On February 11th, a woman of very intemperate habits died rapidly, with symptoms of fainting. After death the pericardium was found full of blood, which had escaped from wounds in the aorta. The gentleman making the examination pricked his finger with a common sewing-needle, which was lying in the pericardial cavity, and was doubtless about the last thing he expected to find in such a situation. There is no history to show how it came there. The needle may have been swallowed, but as the woman was in the habit of using the front of her dress, in the situation of the heart, as a cushion for pins and needles, it is very likely that whilst falling about she drove the little weapon through the wall of her chest.—*The Lancet.*

A Wonderful Watch.

The Mechanics Magazine says:—"A remarkable mechanical curiosity has recently been constructed in London. It is a watch belonging to a member of Parliament, and designed and made expressly for him by James Ferguson Cole, the celebrated London watchmaker. This unique pocket chronometer has a silver dial, on which are nine hands, indicating respectively the hours, minutes, and seconds, the days of the week, the days of the month, and the months of the year. It corrects itself for unequal months—that is to say, changes when they have thirty and when thirty-one days, and also corrects itself for leap year. It is so constructed that any slight agitation of the watch, such as the ordinary exercise of walking, winds it up. Thus it may be worn and will go perfectly for years without requiring even to be opened, although it can also be wound by a key in the usual manner. The dial is arranged in five circles, and within the largest (the hour circle) there is a semi-circle showing the moon's age and phases by means of gold on a ground of blue steel. At the back of the watch is a gold indicator for ascertaining the time in the dark by touch. The complication of the mechanism may be imagined, and yet the watch is of ordinary dimensions and may be conveniently worn in a gentleman's pocket. It cost the sum of three hundred guineas."

☞ A great discovery of antique jewelry has been made in an Indian mound in Tennessee.

Witchcraft in Africa.

From Du Chaillu's Recent Volume of Travels in Central Africa.

Du Chaillu confirms the accounts of all African explorers in regard to the general prevalence of a belief in witchcraft among the negroes. Some of his narrations rival, in horrible interest, the chronicle of this delusion among more enlightened nations.

"Few weeks pass," says he, "in these unhappy villages, without some tragic scene like this:—A poor fellow was singing a mournful song, seated on the ground, in a village street; and, on inquiring the cause of his grief, I was told that the chief of a village near his having died, and the magic doctor having declared that five persons had bewitched him, the mother, sister, and brother of the mourner had just been ruthlessly massacred by the excited people, and his own house and plantation burned and laid waste."

The process of detecting witchcraft is thus described:

The "finding out," or trial, in the witchcraft case, came off on the twenty-seventh of April; Mayolo being convinced that neither himself, his wife, nor his nephew would have been ill if some one were not bewitching them, and seeking to cause their death. A celebrated doctor had been sent for from a distance, and appeared in the morning, decked out in the most artistic manner. Half his body was painted red and the other half white; his face was daubed with streaks of black, white, and red, and, of course, he wore around his neck a great quantity of fetiches. The villagers were assembled and the doctor had commenced his divinations when I arrived at the place, a witness once again of this gloomy ceremony, which was different to that of the Commi people seen formerly by me, as related in "Adventures in Equatorial Africa." The doctor counterfeited his voice when speaking, in order to impress upon the people a due sense of his supernatural powers of divination; all the painting, dressing, and mummery have the same object in view, namely, to strike awe into the minds of the people. A black earthenware vessel, filled with water, and surrounded by charmed ochre and fetiches, served the purpose of the looking glass used by the coast tribes. The doctor, seated on his stool, looked intently and mysteriously into the water, shook his head, then looked into a lighted torch which he waved over it, made contortions with his body, trying to look as ugly as he could, then smoked the condoquial (pipe,) repeated the mummeries over again, and concluded by pronouncing that the persons who were bewitching the village were people belonging to the place.

This oracular saying put the people into great consternation; they all began to appear afraid of each other; the nearest relatives were made miserable by mutual suspicions. Mayolo then rose and exclaimed, in an excited manner, that the mboundou (poison) must be drunk, appointing the following morning for the ceremony, as the people had eaten to-day, and the poison must be drunk on an empty stomach. At sunrise the next morning the village was empty. All had gone to a little meadow encircled by woods, a short distance away, to take part in the ceremony. Who were the suspected persons was kept secret, partly because they were afraid that I would interfere. I thought it, however, better policy not to do so, but attended to witness the proceedings and to ascertain whether they differed from those followed on similar occasions near the coast. On entering the assembly, I gave them the usual salutation, and shook hands with Mayolo. It soon appeared that the suspicions of the people fell upon three of Mayolo's nephews, his consecutive heirs, it being thought natural that they should wish to get rid of him. I noticed that the whole body of the people took an active part in the affair; the doctor not openly naming anybody as the guilty parties. It was the people themselves who originated the suspicions and they showed by their clamor how they thirsted for victims.

Mayolo and the doctor remained silent. The nephews in vain protested that they were innocent, and declared that the accusation was a lie; but they added that there were others who wanted to bewitch their uncle. They became enraged at the pertinacity of the accusers, and swore that the people should pay dearly for making them drink the mboundou. They said they were not afraid to drink it, for they were not wizards and would not die. Some of the relatives of the nephews and some of the people of the village now retired to a short distance, to prepare the poison. Roots of the mboundou were then scraped, the vessel filled with the fragments, on which water was poured; a kind of effervescence then took place, and the water became of a red color, like the root itself. Sufficient was made to serve as a good draught for each of the accused. When the water becomes red it is considered good mboundou and ready to kill any wizards. The drinkers of the mboundou are not allowed to witness the preparation, but their representatives may, to see that fair play is used.

When, at length, the poor fellows were brought into the middle of the circle of excited spectators it was horrid to see the ferocity expressed in the countenances of the people; it seemed as though their nature had entirely changed. Knives, axes, and spears were held ready to be used on the bodies of the victims, if they should succumb under the ordeal; if the accused should become unsteady under the influence of the poison, and stumble, the now quiet crowd would become suddenly frenzied and unmanageable. All seemed eager for the sacrifice of victims to their superstitious fears. It is chiefly through the immunity with which they can drink the poison that the doctors obtain such power over the people; and no wonder, when so many people die under it. The mboundou is a most violent poison. This was proved by the analysis of its roots which I caused to be made after my former journey.

A breathless silence prevailed while the young men took the much-dreaded cups of liquid and boldly swallowed the contents; the whispering of the wind could be heard through the leaves of the surrounding trees. But it was only of short duration. As soon as the poison was drunk, the crowd began to beat their sticks on the ground, and shout, "If they are wizards, let the mboundou kill them; if innocent, let it go out!" repeating the words as long as the suspense lasted. The struggle was a severe one; the eyes of the young men became bloodshot, their limbs trembled convulsively, and every muscle in their bodies was visibly working under the potent irritation. The more acute their sufferings became the louder vociferated the excited assembly. I was horror-stricken, and although I would gladly have fled from the place, felt transfixed to the spot. I knew that, if they fell, I should have no power to save them, but should be forced to see them torn limb from limb.

At length, however, the crisis came—a sudden shiver of the body and involuntary discharge—and the first intended victim had escaped. The same, soon after, happened to the second and to the third. They gradually came back to their former state, but appeared very much exhausted. Some people never get over the effects of drinking the mboundou, although they pass the ordeal without giving way. They linger for a long time in a sickly condition, and then die. The trial was over, and the doctor closed the ceremony by himself drinking an enormous quantity of the poison, with a similar result to that which we had witnessed in the young men, only that he appeared quite tipsy; in his wild and incoherent sayings, while under the influence of the drink, he stated that the bewitchers of Mayolo, and the bringers of the plague, did not belong to the village, a decision which was received with great acclamation. Mayolo was rejoiced that the wizards or witches did not belong to his own people, and the whole people were wild with joy; guns were fired, and the evening passed with beating of drums, singing and dancing.

Du Chaillu notices a steady decrease of the population, even where the tribes are beyond the influence of the white men, and the attendant evils of civilization. The principal causes of this decrease are the slave trade, polygamy, barrenness of women, death among children, plagues and witchcraft—the latter taking away more lives than any slave trade ever did. Other travellers confirm this statement of the decrease of the population, and Du Chaillu concludes that the negro race has run its course, and is destined to become extinct, like the North American and other races. He believes that the negro may be raised to a higher standard of civilization, but that, if left to himself, he will soon fall back into barbarism. In his own country, the effects of missionaries, for hundreds of years, have had no effect; the missionary goes away, and the people relapse into barbarism. All the researches that have hitherto been made fail to show that the negro has ever attained any tolerably high state of civilization. Everything tends to prove that the African is of great antiquity, and has always remained stationary. The Southern States of America are the only country in which the negro race is known to have increased in numbers. Of all the uncivilized races of men the negro has been found to be the most tractable and the most docile, and he possesses excellent qualities that compensate, in great measure, for his bad ones. We ought, therefore, concludes Du Chaillu, to be kind to him, and try to elevate him.

☞ Horace Greeley says that the darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.

☞ The prospect for a large crop of peaches in Delaware is reported as very flattering. The cold weather has had the effect of keeping the sap down and buds from expanding, and should they not be injured by late frosts the crop bids fair to equal that of 1864.

☞ At Concord, N. H., last September, J. Plaistridge and wife were divorced on petition of the woman, who commenced service as a hired maid for one of her neighbors. The husband at once began paying her his addresses, as in younger days, and a short time since the two were again united for a fresh start.

☞ It is estimated that there are 32,500,000 sheep in the twenty Northern States and two Territories, and the annual production of lambs is placed at over 24,000,000.

☞ Scene in comedy: Augustus—"I have but one idea." Susan—"I know it." Augustus—"It is that you are dear to me." Susan—"Then I am your one i-dear." (Augustus phaints.)

☞ A certain farmer (a pillar of the church) had a fine field of wheat, which, being a little late, was threatened with an early frost. In the emergency, he went into his closet and wrestled in prayer with the Lord for its preservation. In his prayer he stated the facts fully, and how the *wheat* would be affected by the frost, and wound up his petition in these words: "Not, Lord, that I would dictate, but merely recommend and advise."

☞ A boarding-house thief, now under duress in Washington, was one of the "ornaments" of Washington society during the winter. It was told of him that on one occasion he escorted the wife of a prominent Congressman to the theatre, and after having seen her home he stole her valuable velvet cloak, which has been found at the pawnbroker's.

☞ The N. Y. Express says: "New York having given the Winter Garden Theatre to the flames, and the St. Louis people having served their magnificent Lindell Hotel in the same way, it may be asked what is the next thing to burn up? Also, whether with all our boasted ingenuity and enterprise it is not possible to construct a hotel, or a place of public amusement that is really and positively fire-proof?"

☞ A man living in Grant county, Kentucky, who has not reached three score and ten years, has now living fifty-four children. His name is "Chalk" Jim Webster. He regrets very much that he did not marry early in life.

☞ The N. Y. Gazette says: "No people in the world take fewer precautions against loss of life than do Americans, and no country exhibits such an extent of life insurance as is seen in the United States. The incomes of all the life policy companies for the past year in the different States amounted to forty-one and a half millions of dollars, and this is only the margin put upon the nine hundred and thirty millions covered by actual policies. At the West, where steamboat explosions, freshets and sweeping pestilences seem the normal order of things, the habit of thus securing a money profit from death is almost universal.

☞ The offence for which M. de Girardin was recently fined in Paris was an article in which he demonstrated with considerable force that France is lower in the scale of political liberties than any other nation of Europe, except Spain; and that France is less free at home, without being more powerful abroad, than she was at the time of the *coup d'etat*. The Correctional Tribunal laid a fine of 50,000 francs on the writer for those assertions, showing what newspapers may expect from the new French law on the press.

☞ Mr. W. H. Dixon's work on New America is very popular in England. The book has already passed to a third edition, and the demand for it is still undiminished.

A Ghost Story Analyzed.

A house in Milwaukee has been haunted in a particular chamber since the death of a child, who, as gossips said, had died from parental neglect. The parents left the house immediately after the death of the child, giving as a reason that the associations with their lost child were so sad they preferred a change of residence. Another tenant came in, and the sleeper in that room was startled at night by the pattering of little feet overhead, by low moans, and now and then a night would be made more terrible by an unearthly whistle. The house became tenantless, and the curious flocked to the haunted chamber.

The landlord felt the necessity of retrieving the character of his house, and himself moved into it, he occupying the haunted chamber. The first night passed without any ghostly manifestations, and the second night he went to bed more courageous than ever. But the noises were heard, and he, not daring to move, lay in terror until morning. He related his experience to a neighbor who had more sense than most of his neighbors, and who proposed an investigation.

The Milwaukee Sentinel gives the result. Search was had, and the discovery made that a couple of doves had their out in the garret, on which was no floor. These doves there did their cooing and billing—hence the moans; the doves trotted around on the plastering—hence the patter of little feet; the doves flapped their wings—hence the sound of winged monsters; and the doves displaced particles of plaster that rattled down the room sides. But the whistle. Whence came that melancholy sound? Further search discovered a child's whistle used to fasten a rattling window—hence occasionally, when the wind blew, the whistle whistled; and that is the end of that ghost story.

Mind and Muscle.

Brown, who has been editing a weekly paper at a small town in an adjoining state for some time past, went through here a few days ago, on his way to New Orleans in search of employment. Smith met him in the reading-room of the hotel just before he left here, and asked him how he happened to abandon his paper.

"You see," said Brown, "Green and I started the thing in copartnership, and as he is nothing of a writer, it was agreed between us that I should edit the paper, and he should do the press-work, etc. This arrangement struck me after a while as being unfair, so I said to Green one day, 'Green, I don't like the way the work in this office is divided. I think that inasmuch as you merely work with your muscle, while I work with my brain, you ought to allow me a little bigger share of the profits. Brains ought always to command a higher price than muscle.'"

"All that may be true," said Green, "but look here, Brown, considering the large amount of muscle I've got and the very small amount of brains you've got, I don't think you have any right to say a blamed word."

"After that," continued Brown, "I felt that in justice to myself I couldn't associate on equal terms with Green any longer, and so I sold out my interest in the concern and left."

A Bad Singer.—After the battle of Gettysburg religious service was held in the field hospital, where some thousands of wounded lay partially protected by shelter tents. A clergyman from abroad made an excellent address and then gave out the hymn "Rock of Ages," relating as he did a touching incident of a clergyman who breathed his last while his wife sung to him the closing words of that most devotional of hymns. The "lead" in the singing was taken by a delegate of the Christian Commission and his wife. They sang execrably, horribly, grating!y—their discord only broken by the groans of a poor fellow who had just suffered amputation at the shoulder, and who, as those memorable words died away and gave place to a blessed silence, sighed out in misery, "I don't wonder that minister died, if his wife sang as badly as that. It would kill a well man!"

"Who is dis Hogart?" said George II. to the nobleman who had brought a print of the famous "March of the Guards to Finchley" for his majesty's inspection and approval. "A painter, my liege," answered the courtier. "Bainter!" exclaimed the king. "I hate bainting, and boetry, dool neider do one nor do oder ever did any good. Does de fellow mean to laugh at my Gerts?" "The picture, and please your majesty," meekly responded the nobleman, "must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What? a bainter burlesque a soldier! He deserves to be picketed for his insolence! Dake in drompery out of my sight."

☞ Cutting down the forests of this continent has raised the average American stature more than a full inch, and the horseback riding of Kentucky and the West has enlarged the capacity of the chest more than another inch. But the sedentary life of the student and the confinement of city life dwarfs and pales vast bodies of our youth, and they die or only half live and degenerate in each generation without cure.

☞ The New Orleans newspapers have heretofore been published every day in the week, Sundays included. The Associated Press of that city have resolved, in order to afford all persons connected with the newspaper offices an opportunity of enjoying such rest, recreation or religious exercises as each may respectively approve, to discontinue the Monday morning edition of the several daily journals. Sunday papers are to be printed, but none on Monday.

☞ Candor in some people may be compared to lemon drops, in which the acid predominates over the sweetness.

☞ A young man, 19 years of age, who is 41 inches high and weighs 43 lbs., is selling photographs of himself in Chicago.

☞ There is such a scarcity of dwellings in Zanesville, Ohio, that fifty families there have recently given up housekeeping.

☞ The best flour sells for $6 a barrel in California, and in Utah for $7.

☞ Remove every stone from the track in the highway. A single projection, which might have been removed in one minute, has battered and injured a thousand wagons, at a damage equal to a hundred days' labor.

☞ The newspapers of California claim that Mount Whitney, in that state, is the highest in the Union, it having an altitude of 15 000 feet. They put down Mount Hood to 12,000 and Mount St. Elias to 14,000 feet.

☞ Constitutionally chronic snorers should not be permitted to take sleeping cars, as they are disturbers of the peace, for which conductors should be held responsible.

The Headquarters of Fashion.

When about to ascend Mont Blanc, the Empress Eugenie expressed a wish to have some Scotch travelling dresses, such as she had seen during her visit to the Highlands. The Minister of Foreign Affairs undertook the commission, and sent the order at once to the French Consul at Edinburgh, who replied that in ten days the box would reach the French Embassy in London. The given delay elapsed, but no tidings of the costumes reached Paris. His excellency telegraphed to the French Ambassador, who in his turn telegraphed to the Consul at Edinburgh, and received the following reply: "The boxes have not yet arrived." "What boxes?" was telegraphed back from the French Embassy. "Why, the boxes containing the costumes ordered from Paris." The Scotch costumes the Empress had admired had come from Paris, and none such were to be had in Edinburgh, or had ever been made in that capital.—*Paris Correspondent of the London Star.*

Cousin John.

The Petersburg (Va.) Express tells the following good story: A modest young gentleman from the country, while passing along one of our streets the other day, met two young ladies—to him perfect strangers. He evidently resembled some handsome and favorite cousin of theirs, for as soon as they laid eyes on him, they gave him a very cordial greeting, expressed themselves to be very glad to see "cousin John," and extending two pairs of very tempting lips in token of their sincerity. It was not long until the kisses had been given and received, that the fair ones discovered their mistake, though the gentleman in question saw it from the beginning. Yet he was so overcome by his unexpected fortune, that it was some time ere he recovered his presence of mind. It's an ill wind that blows good to nobody; what "cousin John" missed, in this instance, somebody else got.

The Albany Knickerbocker narrates the following: "Our friend, Chris. Rapp, owns a small farm on the Schenectady turnpike, just this side of the junction. Upon the farm is a small but dense wood. He recently leased the farm to a bone dealer, who purchases from all the bone dealers in the city and ships his stock to other sections. At times immense quantities of bones are accumulated. This was the case a short time since, and as a consequence many crows were attracted to the spot. Imagine the surprise of Mr. Rapp, who visited the farm a day or two since, to find on the ground of the wood the bodies of about two thousand dead crows. In fact, the ground was literally covered. It was supposed, of course, that the birds had been attracted by the smell of the bones; a snow storm set in, which covered the bones, and the crows lingered in the hopes of securing prey. A cold snap followed, and the death of the large number above recorded was the result."

Among the private soldiers now on duty at the Jackson Barracks, below the city of New Orleans, is one by the name of Sobelin, who served during the late war as colonel of an Illinois regiment, and upon leaving the service was breveted to the grade of brigadier. Finding no doubt a charm in military life, he re-entered the service and enlisted as a high private. But here's the rub. By an act of Congress, all ex-officers of the United States are permitted, upon military occasions of importance, to wear the insignia of their brevet rank. Therefore, upon the next parade, will be presented the curious anomaly of a brigadier's star carried on the same shoulder with a musket. Will the inspected outrank the inspector?

Salt Lake City.—A correspondent, writing of Salt Lake City, says:—"This singular town covers an area of about nine square miles—that is, three miles each way. It is one of the most beautifully laid out cities in the world. The streets are very wide, with water running through nearly every one of them. Every block is surrounded with beautiful shade trees; and almost every house has its neat little orchard of apple, peach, apricot, and cherry trees. In fact, the whole nine square miles is almost one continuous orchard."

☞ A New Gas Light.—An ingenious, but certainly not very inviting mode, of procuring gas for illuminating purposes has been proposed in France. A French chemist estimates that a human corpse of ordinary dimensions, by a process of combustion in retorts, may be made to yield 7 500 cubic feet of illuminating gas, at a cost of about $1.50. This process is certainly making light of death.

☞ "Charles, dear, now that we are married, you know we must have no secrets; so do, like a dove, hand me that bottle of hair-dye; you will find it in my dressing case."

☞ A somewhat juvenile dandy said to his partner, "Don't you think my moustaches are becoming?" To which she replied, "Coming, but not arrived."

☞ A dun was somewhat taken aback the other day by the coolness with which the debtor said, "Call next Thursday, my dear sir, exactly at ten o'clock, and I'll tell you when to call again."

☞ A lady writing of the rule of fashion, says: "We are all like the old woman of a century ago, who, upon going to her milliner's with materials for a cap, directed that it should be made in the most perfect simplicity; not even a tucker, or the faintest suspicion of one, would she abide. But, on turning to leave, nature was too strong for her, and going back, she put her head in at the door, and said in a suppressed voice: 'You may make it poke a little—just a very little.'"

☞ The Syracuse Journal denies the truth of the popular impression that the Indians of New York are as a race incapable of civilization. It is said that for twenty years past they have increased the number of their schools and churches, and have also increased in wealth and population.

☞ Maryland farmers are hopeful, as the weather wise in that state have noticed that whenever a heavy fall of snow occurred about the time of the full moon in February, large crops and an abundance of everything were sure to follow.

☞ The Haytian revolution was ultimately successful, but the revolutionists appear to have some trouble in getting a successor to President Geffrard. General Soget, a colored man, was chosen to fill the vacancy, but he declined, and the post was unsuccessfully offered to several others, so that the Haytian Senate had finally to declare themselves a "Provisional Government."

THE PRODIGAL.

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

☞ A *bleed* woman of fashion has let out the secret why the German has become the fashionable dance of high life: When I invite persons I do not like, and who would naturally bore me, I merely set them to dancing the German, and I have no further care or responsibility for their doings the remainder of the night.

☞ A lately published war book gives the following story of Stonewall Jackson:—"At a council of Generals early in the war, one remarked that Major —— was wounded, and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign him. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty."

☞ The new style of short dresses are "mighty deceivin'." A benevolent old gentleman, a little near-sighted, came near getting into trouble over in Congress street, Portland, Me., the other day, for remarking familiarly, "Well, sis, are your ears cold this morning?" The party addressed turned on the old fellow fiercely, with "insolent puppy," "brute," "old villain," etc, and he found that instead of addressing a school miss, he had accosted a lady in the full bloom of womanhood.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

Bile.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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Holloway's Pills.—When the weary sufferer tosses upon his fevered pillow, let him use these Pills, which, by expelling the causes which obstruct his rest, will make him enjoy refreshing sleep. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. Sales about 10,000 bbls superfine at from $9@10,25; extra at $10,50@11,50; low grade and fancy northwest family at $12@14,25; Penna and Ohio family at $13@15, and fancy brands at from $15,50@17,50 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour sells at $8,50. Corn Meal—Penna sells at $5,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues in good demand. 6000 bus of Penna red sold at from $3@3,20 for common to fair; $3,30@3,40 for good to prime; 1400 bus prime southern do at $3,42; 2500 bus. No. 1 spring at $3; 1000 bus No. 2 do at $2,75; 1200 bus New York State amber at $3,23; 3000 bus of California white at $3,40, and 500 bus Kentucky white at $3,50 ₩ bus. Rye—Small sales of western and Penna are making at $1,65@1,67. Corn—100,000 bus prime yellow sold at from $1,24@1,27. Oats—30,000 bus sold in lots at 75@77c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at $23@23,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 15@15c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 13¼@14¼c for pickled do; 8@9¼c for salt Shoulders; and 13@13½c ₩ lb for Prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $21,50@26,50 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $31@40. Butter—Small sales are making at 16@30c for roll, and 16@18c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@17c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 23@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 1000 bales of middlings sold at 27@27½c for Uplands, and 28@28c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

HAY—30 hhds of 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at @40 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 40c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is very dull. Wequote White Ash at $4,50@4,75, and Red Ash at $4,75@5,25 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 87@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 7@8½c, and Western at 8@9c. Dried Peaches range at 13@15c for halves; 12½@13c for quarters, and 25@27c for pared.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

PLASTER—A cargo of blue sold at $3 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull; 300 bus sold at $9@10,50. Timothy—300 bus sold at from $3,37½@3,50. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $3,05@3,10 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 11@11½c for city rendered, and 10½@10¾c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—There is rather more doing. About 110,000 lbs sold at 61@65c for double extra; 59@60c for extra; 57@58c for fine; 50@56c for medium; 48@50c for coarse; 55@60c for good tub washed; 60@65c for fair do; 45@60c for extra western pulled; 31 up to 45c ₩ lb for No. 1 western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 17½@18½c ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to $5 ₩ head. Sheep—800 head were disposed of at from 7½@9½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10,00@11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE QUINTETTE ORCHESTRA,

A collection of QUADRILLES, WALTZES, POLKAS, CONTRA-DANCES, POLKA REDOWAS, SHOTTISCHES, MAZOURKAS, and SERENADE pieces arranged for two Violins, Clarionet, Cornet, and Bass. In five books, (one for each instrument.)

Price of the set, complete, $5.

Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, Boston.

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Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM WILSON to Miss ANNIE S. RUPP, both of this city.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. WILLIAM H. DETWEILER to Miss MAGGIE ZAGLEY, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann, Mr. FREDERICK S. TAS to Miss LOVISA, daughter of John Pfander, Esq.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM T. HOPKINS to Miss ANNIE E. STEWART, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Saml. Barborow, FREDERICK M. WAGNER to HALLIE L. WILLCOX, daughter of the late W. J. Crane, both of this city.

On the 11th of March, 1867, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL BUGBY to Miss LAVINIA UPPERMAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Germantown, on Thursday morning, the 18th, EMMA L., daughter of Pearson S. and Emma L. Peterson, aged 2 years and 13 days.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

Before the morn came bright and glad,
To welcome April's flowers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

At noon, Thursday, the 18th instant, WILLIAM S. NOBLE, in his 35th year.

On the 16th instant, CRAWFORD RIDDLE, aged 25 years.

On the 15th instant, CHRISTIANNA RHOADES, in her 86th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM B. ADAMS, in his 66th year.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM S. BURRELL, aged 27 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM B. ANNADOWN, in his 49th year.

On the 13th instant, DANIEL STROUP, in his 75th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. EVAN DALRYMPLE, in his 68th year.

On the 12th instant, BARBARA J. M. CARDEZA, relict of the late Dr. Jos. H. Gallagher.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.

REFINED SAPONIFIER,

Or Concentrated Lye.

One paper box for 25 cents will make 8 pounds first quality HARD SOAP, or, 175 pounds first quality SOFT SOAP.

FOR GENERAL HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES.

Full directions accompanying each box. Manufactured by

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To be had of all respectable Grocers and Apothecaries.

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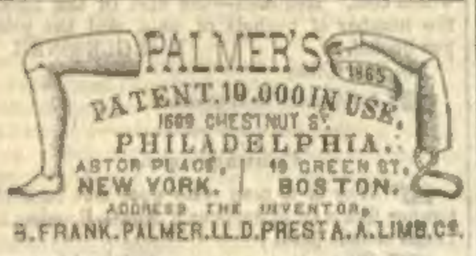

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information *for persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct20-1y

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Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

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THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

OF

REALLY FIRST CLASS

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CLOTHING

ALWAYS ON HAND.

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WANAMAKER & BROWN.

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New Original Dialogues, Tableaux, &c.

The most entertaining and instructive book of Dialogues yet issued. A valuable addition to the Family, Teachers' and School Library. 12mo. 352 pages. Price, post-paid, $1.50. A liberal discount to Agents.

"This book cannot fail to be highly appreciated by educators."—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette*.

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GONE FOREVER!

So say the ladies of their beauty, when the mirror shows them their once jet or golden ringlets streaked with grey. But never was there a more

False Conclusion.

Though the hair be as white as Time's own forelock, or worse still, as red as a fiery meteor—

PRESTO!

it is invested in a moment with the most magnificent black or brown by the agency of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

a perfectly wholesome and purely vegetable preparation.

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THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

(Established, 1861)

Is endorsed by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, Orange Judd, Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, New York City, Daniel Curry, D. D., Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D. D., Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.

EVANGELIST, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. O. Craighead, Editors.

EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, E. S. Porter, D. D., Editor.

INDEPENDENT, New York City, Wm. C. Bowen, Publisher.

TRIBUNE, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club lists in former editions of the leading papers of the country.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE GREATLY REDUCED.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green & Black), 80c., 85c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 90c., 95c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.
No. 540 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street.
No. 461 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 36th street.
No. 290 SPRING STREET.
No. 205 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 123 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery.*"

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their packages and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to col delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

CLUB ORDER.

Mineral Point, Wis. Feb. 16th, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company.
31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Gents: Having a few days ago received a visit from some of our friends in Green Co., we were induced by their praise of your Teas to give them a trial. I only asked a few of our neighbors to go in this time, but if this order suits, I think I shall be able to send a larger order next time.

I would like you to forward as quick as possible. I will pay the amount as quick as I receive the Tea.

Respectfully yours,
CHARLES WALKER.

2 lb.	Best Oolong	E. Walker	at $1 60	$2 00
3	Best Gunpowder	"	at 1 25	3 75
4	"	T. Walker	at 1 25	5 00
10	"	W. Walker	at 1 25	12 50
4	"	Rob't Chicken	at 1 25	5 00
4	"	John Benson	at 1 25	5 00
4	"	James Baxter	at 1 25	5 00
2	Oolong	John Benson	at 1 00	2 00
4	Best Japan	J. Mathews	at 1 25	5 00
				$45 25

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to us.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name. The numbers of our House are advertised above.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.
NEW YORK.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City. ap27-tf

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *extensive improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$60
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
feb2-6m Philadelphia.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 11, 1866.

Messrs. THOS. ALLCOCK & Co.—Please send, with dispatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated plasters to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perforations peculiar to them rendered them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

J. W. JOHNSON, M. D.

Agency, Brandreth House, New York.

Sold by all Druggists in the United States and Canada. ap13-eowr1t

CANCERS

Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON, feb2-3m 700 Broadway, New York.

500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. mar9-3m H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

AMERICAN
WALTHAM WATCHES.

We claim and are prepared to prove that the American Watches manufactured at Waltham, Massachusetts, are not only equal, but far superior, to the watches of England, Switzerland and France. We also claim that they are CHEAPER, MORE ACCURATE, MORE DURABLE, and more easily kept in order and repaired than any other watches in the market.

Because in each one of the very numerous parts of which a watch is made up, we attain, by mechanical power, nearly *absolute* mathematical precision and uniformity, making every watch of any one style a true copy of its model.

This similarity in structure reduces the cost of production; it secures uniformity in results; it *infallibly* perpetuates any excellence that may be once achieved, and makes it easy to repair any injury sustained, or replace any part that may be lost or destroyed.

In addition to these mechanical advantages, our Watches are simpler in structure, and therefore stronger, and less likely to be injured than foreign watches.

How they run under the hardest trial watches can have, is shown by the following letters:

PENN. RAILROAD COMPANY.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, ALTOONA, PA., 15th Dec., 1866.

Gentlemen:—The watches manufactured by you have been in use on this railroad for several years by our engineemen, to whom we furnish watches as part of our equipment. There are now some three hundred of them carried on our line, and we consider them good and reliable time-keepers. Indeed, I have great satisfaction in saying your watches give us less trouble, and have worn and do wear much longer without repairs than any watches we have ever had in use on this road. As you are aware, we formerly trusted to those of English manufacture, of acknowledged good reputation, but as a class they never kept time as correctly, nor have they done as good service, as yours.

In these statements I am sustained by my predecessor, Mr. Lewis, whose experience extended over a series of years. Respectfully,

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS.
General Superintendent.
American Watch Co., Waltham.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

LOCOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT, WEST. DIVISION, ROCHESTER, Dec. 24, 1866.

Gentlemen—I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the great majority of Locomotive Engineers have found by experience that Waltham's Watches are the most satisfactory of any for their use. They run with the greatest accuracy and steadiness, notwithstanding the rough riding of an engine, and as I have never known one to wear out they must be durable. I hope to see the time when Railway Companies will generally adopt your watches, and furnish them to all engineers and conductors. In my opinion it would greatly tend to promote regularity and safety.

Yours respectfully,
CHARLES WILSON, *G. Chief Engineer*,
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.
American Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.

Any of the grades of Waltham Watches may be purchased of Watch Dealers generally throughout the country.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
No. 182 Broadway, New York;
or,
ROBBINS, APPLETON & CO.,
ap13-cow3t No. 148 Washington St., Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	8 00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,		10 30	A.M. & 11 30 P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12 00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	"	1 00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	5 30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4 00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9 00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11 00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12 50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7 10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,		8 20 A.M. & 7 10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at	9 20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12 40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1 30	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5 50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9 50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.30 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—"Psychomancy."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free by mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the unmarried of both sexes. A queer, exciting book. (1,000,000 copies sold.)

Address FRANK WOOD,
ap13-3t Box 75, Vernon, N. J.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies, free of charge, may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.

Book Agents wanted. mh30-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Etiquette on Street Cars.

The duty of gentlemen towards ladies on street cars is just now attracting considerable attention and discussion. "Corry O'Lanus," the quaint humorist, in discussing "whether the ladies ought to have seats," says:

I believe they ought.

I always side with the ladies.

When I am in a crowded car, and a lady comes in, I think it is the duty of some other man to get up and give her his seat.

I look around the car to see if any man in the crowd looks like making a move in that direction, and when I see them all keep their seats, I bury myself in my newspaper and blush for my sex.

Some of your male correspondents think that the ladies ought to thank us for giving up our seats.

Ladies, don't you be imposed upon by any such idea.

Get the gentlemen into the habit of being thanked, and they'll expect it.

Stick up for your rights, ladies, and stand on your dignity.

Dignity is a good thing to stand on, when you can't get a seat.

But seats are your rights, whenever you can get them.

When ladies attain the privilege of voting, and send members of their sex to Congress, we'll have the Constitution amended to prohibit male creatures from being seated in the presence of ladies.

I think the fashionable style of pantaloons will tend to promote a greater degree of politeness to ladies in the cars and ferry-boats.

They are so tight that you cannot sit down in them with any degree of comfort or safety.

A War Anecdote.

While in winter quarters at Centreville, it came to pass that one of the rebel drummers, who, on account of his conduct, was not a particular favorite of Colonel Seymour, of the sixth Louisiana regiment, beat the wrong call. The "old man," who, from his long military career, was perfectly at home in all matters of camp life, rushed out of his tent, and, meeting what he supposed to be the rascally drummer, at once went to work to punish him; and, having done so, he returned to his tent, where he found his orderly Fred, a German youth of quite genteel manners, sitting before the fire with a broad smile upon his countenance, evidently suppressing outright laughter.

"What is the matter with you, my boy?" quickly inquired the Colonel, who was still excited from his corporeal exercise.

After some hesitation and repeated questions of the Colonel, he said—

"That was not the drummer you whipped; it was Sergeant ———, of Company F, who looks so much like him."

The Colonel now became enraged at Fred for not apprising him of his mistake in time, and came near chastising the Teutonic youth; but his good nature and heart now resumed their sway, and he sallied forth from his tent in search of the injured individual, to make reparation. On turning the second avenue he met the object of his search, grasped him by the hand, apologized in the most sincere manner, and, the weather being cold, invited him up to his tent and treated him to an apple toddy. The appeased individual departed, and Fred was again seen smiling and snickering at the fire. This time the Colonel waxed warm, and demanded peremptorily to be informed of the cause of his unbecoming behavior and suspicious merriment; when Fred, bursting out, said—

"You treated the drummer to apple toddy, he looks so much like the sergeant of Company F, whom you whipped a while ago."

The sequel may be imagined. Fred got something, but it was not apple toddy.

A Queer Wager.

The English are famous betters. A French paper (the French are always poking fun at John Bull) gives the following singular bet at Brighton between Sir John ——— and Lord Co———. The first, who is a very small man, bet the other, who is a tun of a man, that he could carry him twice around the hippodrome. A large number of ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the proceeding.

When the giant and pigmy met, the latter said:

"Now, my Lord, I am ready. Take off your clothes."

"What! strip myself? You don't mean it?"

"I bet to carry *you*, but not a particle of your clothes. Come, let's proceed. It won't do to disappoint these ladies and gentlemen."

But my Lord was inflexible. He blushed at the bare thought of showing himself in the thin costume of Venus emerging from the waves. So the referee decided that Sir John ——— had won the bet.

A Roaring Orator.

"Mr. President—I shall not remain silent, while I have a voice that is not dumb, in this Assembly. The gentleman, sir, cannot expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He may talk, sir, of the Herculean revolutions where republics are hurled into arctic regions, and the work of centuriums refrigerate to ashes—but, sir, we can tell him, indefatigably, that the consequences therefrom, multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby can no more shake this resolution, than the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest conflagrate the marble statue into ice. That's what I told them."

EFFECT OF BEING JILTED.—A gallant old Scotch officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend, who had been jilted by a fickle beauty in favor of the Duke of A———; and he concluded his story thus, in a tone of much emotion: "Poor fellow, he never got over it! No, sir, it was the death of him;" and then, after a pause of much pathos, he added, with a faltering voice, "he did not live fifteen years after it."

A QUEER DEFENCE.—A New York officer who was up before the Police Commissioners the other day on a charge of drunkenness, made the following rather lame defence:—"I had been out all night; I was wet and tired; I took one single hot whiskey before I went into the ranks; I had also had my hair cut that day, and whether it was the whiskey or my having had my hair cut that made me act so queer, I don't know."

A CAUTIOUS SUITOR.

MIDDLE-AGED UNCLE.—"Not proposed to her yet! Why, what a shilly-shallying fellow you are, George! You'll have that little widow snapped up from under your nose, as sure as you're born! Pretty gal like that—nice little property—evidently likes you—with an estate in the Highlands, too, and you a sporting man—"

NEPHEW.—"Ah! that's where it is, uncle! Her fishing's good, I know; but I'm not so sure about her game!"

☞ "Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No I ain't neither," said the urchin, "I'm gnawing this 'ere candy."

☞ What is mine, even to my life, is here I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.—*Sydney.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LIMING LAND.

Ever since educated men first began to tell us about lime, its properties and applications to soils as an agent of fertility, they have continued to hold us and themselves, semi-blindfold by every essayist of them all, from Europe's chemical chief down to our every day, anonymous agricultural scribbler, saying, in spirit, if not in the exact letter:—"The offices of lime in promoting fertility are but little understood."

Why this popular declaration of ignorance? Certainly there is no more hidden mystery about the elemental constituency, or active agency of lime than there is about muck, marl, or any of the made manures, only that its action takes a wider range, and it assumes more varied characters according to conditions of the soil itself, than any other fertilizer either natural or artificial can do. With many plants, as clover, peas, beans, and more or less with all leguminous plants, lime is as much an article of food as bread is to humanity, or hay to horses. In the majority of instances, however, it is only an active agent, changing conditions of other elements and fitting them for plant food.

The April No. of the *Working Farmer* has an exhaustive essay from the pen of Professor J. A. Nash, upon lime and its agricultural uses, clearer, more concise, plainer, and in every way more practical than anything—within our knowledge—that has ever been said or written upon the subject. With a strong hand the Professor has swept away every particle of the seeming mystery that has so long shrouded the subject, and he tells us in so plain terms what lime is, so explains its action and various offices, that the most practical, unscientific reader cannot fail to understand, how, when, where, and under what conditions lime should be applied to, or withheld from the soil.

The Professor tells us truly that the forms of lime of the most value in agriculture, are *quick lime, carbonate of lime,* [marble, limestone, chalk, shells of fish, calcareous marls,] *sulphate of lime* (gypsum, plaster,) *muriate of lime,* and *phosphate of lime*—quick lime and its carbonates being the conditions most important to be understood by cultivators of the soil.

As the tendency of lime is always downward, the material seeking to hide itself in the subsoil, the advice of Professor Nash not to apply lime in advance of the time of need, is sound and judicious. Lime is presented everywhere, in *all* soils that have never been subjected to cultivation, sometimes in excess, in other instances only in "trace." Cultivation arouses its inertia, and at once it begins to dive downwards, leaving by degrees the surface destitute. Hence the necessity of its application, whenever so much of the surface as is disturbed by the plough shall be found wanting in the material. Many thoroughly cultivated fields abundantly supplied with all other elements of fertility, fail to yield remunerative crops, simply because the excessive accumulation of manure lies dead, inert, wanting the quickening agency of some active alkali to arouse its dormant energies and fit it to become food for plants. That agent is most readily and cheaply supplied by a surface application of *quick lime.*

All low pasture or meadow lands have naturally a cold, sour soil, disposed to produce reeds, rushes, and coarse, swamp grasses rather than good, nutritious hay or pasturage. Such lands are always benefitted by an application of quick lime. So are all heavy, compact, clay soils. In almost all instances old superannuated apple and other fruit trees gone out of bearing, may be restored to health, vigor, and a fruitful condition, by quick lime in moderate quantities, supplied within reach of their roots.

There can be no arbitrary rule established as to quantity per acre, or the periods of application. Soils naturally dry and porous, generally require less lime than those that are tenacious, heavy, and imperfectly drained. Peas, beans, clover, and all leguminous plants, feeding as they do largely upon lime, exhaust it more rapidly than the grain crops generally do, and where they are consecutively grown frequent applications of lime are required.

Making an average of all kinds of soils, their varying conditions, and the different kinds of crops produced, probably about eight bushels of quick lime per acre would be the quantity required, the application to be repeated annually; sown broadcast in the fall over pasture and meadow lands, and in the spring, as near to ploughing time as convenient, on land to be sown or planted with grain or vegetable crops.

One family of plants, lime benefits largely and immediately by feeding them direct with its alkaline substance; another class it pushes forward by refining and changing the condition of the food already in the soil. It warms, and accomplishes rapid decomposition of animal manures, and converts them into suitable aliment for plants. It is an active agent in the formation of nitric acid, which uniting with lime makes the nitrate of lime, which besides being a vegetable stimulant, is a first-class fertilizer. Lime is not only a large manufacturer, but a powerful absorbent of ammonia, holding it close prisoner in the soil till it can be laid hold of and taken up by plants. It causes almost all crops to hasten their ripening period, neutralizes and enters into combination with acids in the soil, changes the condition of many of the saline combinations inimical to plant growth, making food for plants of that which was before poisonous material. In short, lime in the many offices it performs is so essential to plant life that it can never be dispensed with in agriculture.

IRRIGATION.

In the United States, irrigation as an agent of fertility is so little known that nine out of every ten of our intelligent farmers, seeing a neighbor about to divert a portion of a stream of water into artificial courses and canals over the surface of his pastures, meadows, and cultivated fields, would very naturally set him down as N. C. M.—*non compos mentis,* and in a neighborly way suggest to his friends a lunatic asylum for the mad man. And yet in thousands of instances multiplied by other thousands, all over the United States, maximum fertility might be achieved by watering the surface, at a cost infinitely less than that so dearly obtained by the application of cords of muck, marl, and barn-yard manure, or tons of artificial fertilizers. In countries far behind us in general civilization the people are our masters in agricultural ingenuity. In portions of Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, India, and many parts of South America, irrigation is the only fertilizing agent resorted to, producing better crops than we are able to bring from the soil with all our high culture and extraordinary manuring. The water of all our streams contains a large per centum of the best elements of fertility, properly prepared as plant food, and probably three-fifths of all the farmers in the United States have at command streams so available for purposes of irrigation, that utilized in conjunction with homemade manures, no foreign fertilizers would ever be required.

PRODUCING POTATOES.

Just now potatoes are covering in printer's ink a surface almost equal to the area given to the potato itself. Every third man that speaks or writes upon agricultural topics, runs into potatoes as inevitably as a partisan politician does into personalities. Everybody has got potato on the tongue and the point of a steel pen. We are getting potatoes in such legions of new varieties, every one of them first favorite with several people, that it is well the purchase of Russian America has been secured. One-third of the entire purchase will produce famous potatoes, and if this fever runs on through three years more, we shall require an extension of territory in order to accommodate all the new seedlings, hybrids and first favorites.

But, after all, what have we gained in quality or quantity by all this potato fuss and fever? So far, nothing. Not a potato of the whole long list of Monitors, Goodrich, Garnet Chiles, White Sprouts, Cuzcos, &c., etc., *ad infinitum,* have we equal to the old time Orange, English Whites, Biscayans, and blue Mechinces of forty years ago, when the rule was to cut the largest potatoes in three pieces for seed, plant two pieces in a hill, the hills three feet apart each way, cover with a hoe from five to six inches deep, cultivate with the hoe, hilling up always in doing so, and digging out with the hoe in the fall three hundred and fifty bushels of large, sound potatoes to the acre, free from all disease, and better in flavor than any we have among all our modern improved varieties. Now and then we have an instance of potato practice worth remembering and following. Here is one of them:—

Last year in Compton, Canada East, Mr. Sullivan Fisk raised *five hundred and twenty bushels* of Davis's seedling potatoes on one acre of land. Mr. Fisk communicates his method:—"Thirty loads of barn-yard manure were spread in the fall on oat stubble and ploughed under. In the spring, the land was ploughed again, harrowed, and furrowed about three and a-half inches deep, the furrows being three and a-half feet apart. Large potatoes were cut in three pieces, each, and one piece dropped in a hill, these being fifteen inches apart. The crop was hoed twice in the most thorough manner."

MEDICATING TREES.

The sooner publishers and editors of agricultural journals put out and keep out of print such crazy quack nonsense as medicating fruit trees with calomel, coal oil, sulphur, saltpetre, &c., to protect fruit and foliage from insect marauders, the better it will be for the community. Many sensible people, sound upon most subjects, are too ready to be imposed upon by itinerant scamps who with palavering tongue palm off upon them many such worthless nostrums. There is no more possibility of medicating a tree by inserting drugs into a hole bored in the trunk, than there is of producing a second crop of hair on a bald head. It cannot be done, fellow fruit-growers.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— The New York Farmers' Club have a new sensation in a patent dish-washer that turns out by crank-motion, tureens, pans, pots, plates, basins, bowls, etc., clean, dry, and ready for service, without crack or dent, four times faster than five score of hungry men can foul them—"*They*" say so.

—— Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and several other states and territories of the great W. N. W., send us by private letters encouraging promises of plenty of fruit and extraordinary wheat crops.

—— One load of sheep manure, housed, composted, and properly applied, is worth three of ordinary barn-yard material for almost all kinds of grain, vegetable, and root crops. That is a fixed fact.

—— Short-horn stock leads the fancy list again. A Geneva, New York, gentleman paid, the other day, $40,000 for forty head of Duchess and Oxford short-horns. About seventy-six cents a pound on the hoof.

—— Six young Vermont ewes were sold lately at $600 a head. Rather high priced mutton.

—— Whenever an ignoramus begins "blowing" about Western ignorance and want of educational resources, please hold up before him this Indiana fact:—The state of Indiana has a better educational system, and a larger common school fund than any other state in the Union, or out of it. *Seven millions* of dollars is her present school capital.

RECEIPTS.

OMELETTE PLAIN.—Break four eggs, and beat them well for a minute or so; add two tablespoonful of cream or milk and a little salt and pepper. Give it a few more turns with the whisk; put a pat of butter in an omelette-pan or small frying-pan, stand it over a quick fire; as soon as the butter is hot pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set; collect it together in the centre of the pan, let it remain a short time to get a little color; see that it is not stuck, turn a dish over on it, put your hand on the dish and turn it over with the pan, and send to table.

HAVDAY OMELETTE.—A teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley and the same quantity of eschalots, two ounces of cooked ham, chopped also. Proceed as in the foregoing receipt, but as soon as the butter is hot put in the parsley and eschalots and shake it about a little in the hot butter; then pour in the omelette, adding the chopped ham, and finish as before. If preferred, the ham may be omitted.

SALAD CREAM.—Put the raw yolks of four eggs into the whisk-pan with a teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dust of pepper. Mix this a little with the whisk, then add a little salad oil, which must be used sparingly at first, and gradually increased; as you proceed, add a little vinegar, alternately beating it well each time. The relative quantity of oil to be used in proportion to the vinegar is as five to one; a very little sugar may be added, if approved; it should be quite thick and smooth.

LEG OF VEAL (EN SURPRISE.)—Lard veal with slips of bacon and lemon peel cut thin; make a stuffing the same as for a fillet of veal, only mix it with half a pint of oysters chopped small; stuff your veal with this, and put it to stew with just sufficient water to cover it. Let it stew very gently till quite tender; then take it up, skim off all the fat from the liquor, and add some lemon juice, mushroom catsup, the crumb of a roll grated fine, half a pint of oysters, a pint of cream, and a bit of butter rolled in flour. Let this sauce thicken over the fire, and serve it over the veal. Garnish the dish with oysters dipped in butter and fried, and thin slices of toasted bacon.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of good isinglass into a small stewpan with half a gill of milk, let it nearly boil, whip three-quarters of a pint of good cream, add the yellow rind of a lemon rubbed on a piece of sugar and the juice, about a tablespoonful of sifted sugar and half a wine glassful of brandy; when the cream is beaten to a good consistence pour in the isinglass (which should not be scalding hot); beat for a minute and pour it into a mould, when sufficiently set dip the mould in lukewarm water and turn out upon a dish.

LEMON SPONGE.—Put one ounce of gelatine into a clean stewpan, with half a pint of water, let this soak for half an hour, then add the rind of a lemon rubbed off on a piece of sugar, the juice of two, and about a quarter of a pound of sugar; put this on the fire and allow it to boil, stirring it occasionally; remove it from the fire and add to it a glass of sherry and a tablespoonful of brandy; as soon as it is sufficiently cold without being congealed, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and gradually pour in the contents of the stewpan, beat for a few minutes or until it becomes a thick snowy mass, remove the whisk and place the mixture in a cold place to get firm; it may then be taken out with a spoon, and piled up in a rocky form on a dish for table.

THE RIDDLER.

Historical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the tribes of Israel
A celebrated Emperor of Rome.
A mighty conqueror.
A monarch noted for his cruelty.
A river on whose banks Alexander fought a great battle.
A Jewish maiden who was raised to a high position
A celebrated Grecian.
The deity of the five worshippers.
A Grecian warrior and sage.
A mighty prophet in Israel.
The initials form one of Longfellow's poems.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Military Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 79 letters.

My 36, 22, 13, 34, 17, 6, 28, 26, 10, 28, 3, 7, 17, 35, 47, was a General in the late war.

My 21, 40, 16, 14, 43, 1, 17, 11, 50, 39, 57, 4, 40, 15, was a Brigadier-General in the late war.

My 5, 36, 8, 30, 20, 25, 28, 33, 19, was a Brigadier-General in the late war.

My 12, 42, 57, 76, 12, 46, 19, 28, 55, 37, 15, 56, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 9, 2, 22, 47, 23, 29, 30, 31, 45, 59, 76, 22, 15, 48, 49, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 40, 68, 75, 76, 67, 31, 65, 69, 75, 27, 57, 16, 31, 26, 60, 74, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 24, 64, 67, 26, 77, 3, 52, 68, 79, 48, 12, 54, 74, 76, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 50, 74, 78, 65, 23, 4, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 71, 70, 8, 44, 20, 67, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 16, 27, 53, 62, 14, 25, 56, 23, 55, 35, 63, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 72, 32, 67, 21, 18, 46, 42, 63, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 66, 67, 36, 27, 57, 50, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 35, 31, 22, 12, 73, 69, was a Major-General in the late war.

My whole is a patriotic couplet familiar to all. ALIDA CARNWRIGHT.

Palenville, N. Y.

Problem.

A speaks the truth 3 times in 4; B 4 times in 5; and C 6 times in 7; what is the probability of an event which A and B assert and C denies?

W. H. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two arrows are sticking in a circular target. Required—The probability that their distance apart is less than half the radius of the target.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought a horse and a certain number of bushels of oats. The price per bushel was just one half as many cents as there were bushels, and the horse cost twice as many dollars as there were bushels of corn; after keeping him until he had eaten one-half of the oats I sold him for $200, and gained 20 per cent. of the whole cost. Required—the cost of the horse, the number of bushels of oats, and the price per bushel. L. C. GLESSNER.

Findlay, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a man who does not lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Ans.—Because he keeps school (cool.)

☞ When does a man entertain his guest and his horse alike? Ans.—When they both feed at his table (his stable.)

☞ Why is a man who goes up town after beer like the goods in an auctioneer's shop? Ans.—Because he is up for's ale (up for sale.)

☞ Why is an old dog like an inclined plane? Ans.—Because he's a slow pup (slope up.)

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Bury me on the banks of the Seine, amidst the people I have loved." ENIGMA.—Doe Laford Trimble. RIDDLE—Nicodemus.

Hindoo Abstinence from Animal Food.

In the new edition of McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary (four vols., Longman & Co.), Mr. F. Martin, the editor, says:—"It is a popular but erroneous notion, that the Hindoos live almost entirely on a vegetable diet; such a fact would be inconsistent with the physical nature of man, who, in reality, is omnivorous. The most fastidious of the Hindoos in point of diet are great eaters of milk and butter; fish is also extensively used near all the sea coasts, and on the shores of the principal rivers; and none of the people of India hold this description of food as abominable, except the inhabitants of the remote interior, who have no means of procuring it. Even flesh, however capricious in the selection, is occasionally eaten by the greater portion of the Hindoo people, and it is the want of means rather than religious scruples that makes them refrain from it. In cases of urgent necessity even religion authorizes any kind of food, and in the event of a famine a Brahmin may eat the limb of a dog." [We can hardly reconcile this with the statements made during the late terrible famine in Orissa, where the people were dying for the want of rice, while multitudes of sleek oxen roamed about untouched.]

☞ One of Josh Billings' maxims:—"Rise arly, work hard and late, live on what you can't sell, give nothing awa, and if you don't die ritch, and go to the devil, yu may sue me for damages."